THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1874. NO. 9.

Plant a Home.

Young beginners in life's morning
Don't forget the rainy day;
Sunshine cannot last forever,
Or the heart be always gay.
Save the dime, and then the dollar,
Lay up something as you roam—
Choose some blooming spot of beauty,
Some fair lot, and, "plant a home."

You, too, having babes around you,
Coming up to take your place;
Give them something to remember—
Homestead memories let them trace
Would you feel the pride of manhood,
Let the sun your dwelling greet—
Breath the blessed air of freeeom,
Own the soil beneath your feet.

Aspiration.

If I could send to distant seas,
With spreading sails and kindly breeze,
The ships my fancy builds at ease—

If I could rear without the strain
And sweat that comes of loss and gain,
The castles I would have in Spain—

If I could lay all sin aside,
And take the Savior as my guide,
And have no other rule beside—

If I could win a deathless name,
And catch a bauble men call fame,
And never know the sting of blame—

If cruel gain came not by stealth,
Across the current of my health,
To taint the life blood's precious wealth—

If I could claim the good and great,
Whose fellowship is rich estate,
And feel their friendly correlate—

Then life would pay its simple cost,
And hope and fame would not be lost,
Upon Time's ocean tempest-tossed.

But man hath cares and toil hath stings,
And riches take upon them wings,
And labor only honor brings.

Alas! my ships lie on the strand,
My castles in the Spanish land,
Are built of rainbows on the sand.

MY FREDERICA.

The eyes of my Frederica were as blue as the sky, or as the sash that bound her slim waist; her complexion was of lily purity; her lips were as rosebuds bursting into flower; her hair was the yellow gold of flax, intertwined with floss silk. I call her my Frederica by a sort of poetical license and in right of my love for her. She was, in truth, at this time, the Frederica of the Herr Professor Vandergucht, the subrector of the university, for she was his daughter; and afterwards she became the Frederica of another. Still I ventured to call her mine—absurd as it may seem. I even call her mine now.

I was christened Hans, which showed, perhaps, that my family did not expect great things of me; for Hans has, somehow, come to signify a foolish sort of fellow all the world over. "Hans is slow, but he is sure," my father was wont to say of me. Slow? very likely. But sure. How, and of what?

I did not distinguish myself as a student. I drank much beer and smoked many pipes, and, as mementoes of my Burschen life, I still carry about with me a scar on my cranium, which will stand forth exposed unpleasantly when I have grown bald, and an ugly seam across my left cheek, the result of a badly-stitched sabre cut. I did not fight duels because I liked fighting, but because I could not well avoid it. Frederica had let fall, now her kerchief, now her bouquet. In my haste to gather up and restore these treasures I brushed abruptly against a fellow-student. By mischance I even trod upon his toes. His feet were tender; his language violent. Combat and bloodshed became unavoidable. He escaped without a hurt. I was less fortunate. It was owned, however, that I had comported myself becomingly.

I met my Frederica only now and then at the *soirees* and the receptions of the Herr Professor, her father.

Did she know of my love? Yes; if she could read my glances, though, I admit, I have known eyes more expressive than my own, which are, indeed, of faint color and feeble power, needing help from concave glasses. Yes; if she could penetrate my thoughts or divine my dreams. Otherwise she would be less informed upon the subject.

For I could not precipitate my love into words. My Frederica did not invite speech or indulge therein herself. She was too beautiful to have need of language; she was a poem in herself. It was sufficient to look upon her. To address her, or to hope to hear her, would have been outrageous presumption. So I held. I have heard her silence imputed to her as a fault. But of what sinful folly will not some be guilty? There are men who would have the Venus of Medicis fitted with the apparatus of a German doll, and made, upon pressure in the ribs, to speak, "Pa-pa," "Ma-ma."

When I went to England I promised, to myself, that I would never forget Frederica. I planned to return some day and make her mine; meanwhile I would grow rich. At present I was very ill supplied with money. My father could spare me none—his own wants were more than he could comfortably meet. He bestowed upon me his blessing, however—all he had to give. I received it gratefully, if not without a wish that it had been a more marketable commodity.

I had resolved to become a famous painter, or rather, I should say a wealthy one. I knew that England, if she gives artists nothing else, gives them money, at any rate. Perhaps that is all they really require of her.

I found myself in London, the tenant of a garret, which served me for a studio, sitting-room, bed-chamber—all. I had made the acquaintance of a little group of fellow artists assembling at a cheap *cafe*—half Swiss, half German—in the Soho district. They were English, with a Frenchman among them, whose name was Alphonse, I think, or Adolphe; I am not sure which. But when a Frenchman is not Alphonse, he is usually Adolphe.

They made me welcome, and were of service to me. One of them kindly introduced me to his pawnbroker, from whom I derived much useful assistance; though, the more I sought his aid, the more my wardrobe diminished. But that could not be helped. I had to live.

We talked, and played dominoes, and smoked—the Englishmen, cigars; the Frenchmen, cigarettes; I, my pipe with the china bowl, plated lid, and worsted tassels. They were kind to me, although they found me laughable, with my long hair, my spectacles, and my bad English. I did not mind. Indeed I did not understand them. Jokes as a rule are always thrown away upon me. As I have said, I am slow.

Of my art I soon discovered they did not think highly. I had brought with me from Germany a large unfinished picture. It was illustrative of a scene in the Minna Von Barnhelm of Lessing. I was informed to my chagrin that Lessing was almost unknown in England, and that my labor accordingly had been wasted.

I had been proud and hopeful of my picture, though I can admit now that it was a crude and clumsy performance. My friends criticised it very freely—they grew derisive over it. I thought this hard, because the work had really cost me much. I have not a ready hand. I could never design my adroitness. For one stroke that is correct I execute six that are all wrong; so my canvas comes to have a muddled blundering look. I am myself shocked at its ugliness. Yet I usually—with obstinate toil and severe persistency—get things right at last.

My friends had quick eyes and dexterous hands—they sketched with surprising facility and vivid effect. Alphonse, as I will call him, was in his way especially gifted. He could design as deftly as he could twist up a cigarette, or twist the end of his mustache into pin-points. A few movements of his pencil and the thing was done. Much more than this I think he could not accomplish. He was true to his origin; he was of a nation of sketchers—great at beginning, leaving completeness and achievement to others—the Germans let us say.

He grinned wickedly, scoffingly at my picture.

"My poor Hans," said an Englishman, kindly—he has grown famous since, I am glay to say, for he was a true artist—"this will not do. Turn Minna Von Barnhelm to the wall. That's my advice. Paint something smaller, simpler, or you will stand no chance with the dealers."

When we were alone, he proffered me help from his purse—though it was but poorly furnished, and he was, I knew, in debt. I would not borrow of him; but I thanked him till my voice failed me, and I could not see for my tears.

I had by this time quite a pack of pawn tickets. I was subsisting, like a moth, on my clothes. A coat lasted me a week, a waistcoat three days, and so on. But soon I should have nothing more to pledge, and then——?

I was very miserable. I could see suspicion and mistrust on the face of my landlady, printed in deeper and plainer lines every day. She was afraid of losing her rent. She told me I must give up my garret, and find another home. Where? In the street—or the Thames?

I tried to live on as little as possible. I went out every day for an hour or so, that my landlady might think I was dining. I walked hither and thither, in retired streets, furtively devouring a penny loaf of bread—it was all I could afford. Then I returned, effecting a light step, singing or whistling, with the air of one refreshed and in good spirits. But I was an indifferent actor. Was she duped, that landlady, I wonder? Perhaps. My stomach was not, I know. There was no deceiving that.

What comfort was left me? Only my pipe and my love for Frederica. And presently my pipe had to go—round the corner. My love, not being negotiable, alone remained.

I tried to paint—something, anything, a sketch, a study, that would bring money to buy food with. My English friend set up an easel for me in his studio. He had models coming to him; surely I could do something with them? Here was a Mulatto, of superb contour, muscular, sinewy, nobly proportioned, a Hercules in bronze. Here a lovely English girl, a bouquet of bright colors, roses and lilies, violets and gold. Here a Spanish gipsy, with blue-black hair, flashing eyes, ivory teeth, and cheeks like russet apples, flushed with sunset.

It was in vain. My heavy heart weighed down my hand. It was duller, more awkward, and inert than ever. I could do nothing.

I retreated to my garret. I flung myself upon my truckle bed; not to sleep, but to torture myself with fears, memories, dreams, my head burning, my brain disordered.

Dusk came, and then night. The moon-rays flooded the room, to fade gradually into the yellow twilight of the morning. Another day was dawning to find me more wretched and forlorn and destitute than ever. I could not rise. I lay upon my bed, dressed as I was, thinking—thinking—in a confused, fevered way; not of the future—I did not dare do that—but of the past and the miserable, most miserable present. And, now and then, the name of Frederica broke from my lips.

Suddenly there came the sound of some one moving in my studio. I started—I roused myself. It was morning. A figure stood upon the little throne fronting the easel.

Frederica!

She was clothed in fluent draperies of white; her flaxen hair streamed, a very mantle, over her shoulders; her blue eyes were turned heavenward; her slender alabaster hands were crossed upon her bosom. She was a saint—an angel! The Frederica of my dreams, my hopes, my love, was posing before me!

I flew to my palette and brushes and set to work. I sketched with a facility and rapidity I had never before and have never since accomplished. I toiled on like one inspired. I trembled with eagerness. I could hear my heart beat; fire seemed to be coursing through my veins. A picture was growing under my hands—a picture to be proud of. I dreaded each moment that the vision would vanish.

But she remained—motionless as ever—with the same rapid air, divinely beautiful. She spoke no word; nor did I address her. I dreaded that speech might dissolve the spell. My blessed Frederica!

I had been thus engaged some hours; my task was nearly completed. For a moment I paused to breathe freely, and to close and rest my burning eyes. I was faint and sick with fatigue and excitement. Yes, and with hunger; I had not tasted food for twenty-four hours and more.

When I turned again to look at Frederica, she had departed! All was over. It was a dream, perhaps; but I had produced a picture. My strength failed me, and I sank helplessly upon the floor of my studio.

Presently consciousness returned to me. I found my English friend and Alphonse beside me. They were inspecting my portrait of Frederica; for it was a portrait, although of that fact they had no suspicion.

"Come, cheer up, Hans," said the Englishman. "This will do. This is by no means bad, don't you know?"

"C'est magnifique," said Alphonse. "Voila un artiste qui peint de *chic!*"

He was pale with envy, it seemed to me. The picture was far beyond anything he could execute. Of that I felt assured. And he was jealous. I disliked him; that's the plain truth. And he did not like me. It may be that we did not understand each other.

I lost sight of him soon afterwards. Many years elapsed before I heard what bad become of him. He was shot in the late war, it appeared. He had taken arms for his native land, and perished in an affair of outposts near Thionville—not a regular battle, but a mere sketch of one. So far, he had been faithful to himself to the last. He never had to do with anything beyond sketches. He could complete nothing—not even his life. That was but a fragment—an outline never filled in. But I digress.

The Englishman sent out for beer and bread and meat. He said cheering words, patting me on the back; he sat with me while I ate ravenously, like a wolf. I ceased to tremble; I grew warm and comfortable. Then he took away my painting. He returned later in the day, bringing me money for it. He had sold it advantageously to a dealer of his acquaintance. I was happy and hopeful once more. And, forthwith, I took my pipe out of pawn.

My luck had turned. Thenceforward I prospered—not too suddenly, or in an extraordinary measure, but after a gradual and modest fashion. I was content if I could but earn a substence; and this came to be more and more a matter of certainty with me. I was enabled to sell my pictures, upon terms that were moderate, but still sufficient. Only I could produce but few pictures; not that I lacked industry, for indeed I labored incessantly; but my constitutional slowness could not be wholly overcome. In time there arose a certain steady demand for my works. I was not famous, but I was succeeding. I had even sold at last my illustration of the scene in Lessing's Minna Von Barnhelm; and for a considerable price.

All this had occupied some time, however. Years, indeed, had passed; for it is only very rarely that a name can be made in a day; and, then, it is never such a name as Hans. I had worked on steadily without quitting London; but I had removed from my garret studio to more convenient and seemly premises. I was growing gray, and a look of age had come into my face. My figure was less erect than it had been, and was tending to ungracefulness of contour. All my waistcoats had been enlarged. I was, indeed, portly, from drinking English beer, or from age and success, combined with constitutional inclinings.

I had not forgotten my Frederica. Certainly not. But no such vision of her as I have described had again visited me. It was in my dire need that she had come to me; but my time of need was over. Still, she was often in my thoughts. Often I resolved to return to Germany, seek her out, and entreat her to be mine. I will go, I said, when I have saved so much money; when I have completed this picture or that. Still I did not move. My natuaal slowness hindered me; and I postponed my departure from time to time. Yet I had fairly attained the end of my coming to England. I was generally recognized to be a successful painter in my peculiar and, perhaps, narrow path of art.

I was rich enough now both to love and to marry. Formerly I could only afford to love—an inexpensive pursuit as I had conducted it.

At length I was constrained to go; for news reached me from Germany of the serious illness of my father. The poor old man was dying, I was told. Alas! I arrived at his bedside only in time to close his eyes. Then I commenced my quest of the Fraulein Frederica.

It was with difficulty I could obtain any tidings of her. There was a new sub-rector at the university. The Herr Professor Vandergucht was no more. He was almost forgotten.

Presently came news; but what news! I was doomed to hear that my Frederica had become the wife of Herr Schnellen, of the firm of Eisendecken & Schnellen, merchants of Hamburg, trading largely in train oil, hides, and colonial produce.

I sought out Herr Schnellen, for I was determined that I would not quit Germany until I had seen once more my first and only love.

Herr Schnellen was an elderly gentleman, portly and bald, with very stiff collars; but his manners were gracious. I introduced myself to him, informing him that I had once enjoyed the acquaintance of his wife when she was Fraulein Frederica, only daughter of the Herr Professor of my university.

"A long time ago, mein Herr," he said with a laugh. "She was beautiful then."

"Wonderfully beautiful."

"One forgot her infirmity; at least, I did." And he sighed.

What infirmity? I did not dare to ask. Had Frederica a temper? Well, it was to be excused; she was the wife of Herr Schnellen.

He invited me to his house. He led me into a spacious apartment handsomely furnished.

My Frederica! It was difficult to recognize her in the rotund lady, rubicound, white-haired, short-of-neck, and redundantly supplied with chins, who sat huddled in an easy chair by the stove, with a crowd of chubby children of both sexes and various ages gathered about her. She was regaling them with "thick milk"—a mess of sour cream, sugared, and mixed with bread crumbs. Yes; it must be she, and no other. I suppressed my amazement as best I could, and advanced towards her, bowing with my utmost politeness, when there suddenly occurred an alarming noise in the street without, a detonation—a violent explosion that shook the house to its very foundation.

"Ah! I had forgotten," said Herr Schnellen. "We must open the windows, or we shall have every pane of glass broken. You have not heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Paris has fallen. They are firing the salute in celebration of the great event."

Another roar from the guns.

"Come in," said Frederica, quietly, as though in answer to some one lightly tapping at the door.

"She hears!" cried Herr Schnellen, with a gratified air. "You perceive that Frederica is not so deaf as people have said."

"Deaf?"

"You have forgotten, mein her. Frederica was held to be almost stone deaf in her youth."

No wonder that in addition to her other charms she had possessed that of silence—that her repose of manner had been so supreme—that she had shrunk from being troubled with speeches, of which she could not hear one word!

"It makes her very quiet," said Herr Schnellen. "But that is not, in a wife, such a drawback as you may think."

There was a slate before her, which was employed, it appeared, as a means of conversation. She was informed, by its means, concerning me. But it was clear that she did not entertain the slightest recollection of me. There were so many students under the Herr Professor, her father, she explained. And so many of them were named Hans. And they were all young; whereas I—but this she did not add—was middle-aged, to say the least of it.

Little more than this passed at our interview.

I took my leave, depressed and disturbed as to the present, but not as to the past; that could not be. I did not love the wife of Herr Schnellen. I am a moral character. But still I loved the Frederica who, though lost, was yet contained in the stout form of that matron lady, Frau Schnellen, like a sovereign secreted in a loaf of bread, or the needle in the bottle of hay of the English proverb. It was true that my Frederica could not now be parted from the envelope which so substantialized and magnified her. That was a misfortune I had to endure as best I could. Altogether, I bore it pretty well.

Mine was still the ethereal Frederica. Herr Schnellen's the more material—I may even say the very material—Frederica, from whom all ethereal properties had completely evaporated. Mine had been the spell; the disenchantment, possibly, Her Schnellen's.

She never knew of my love. I am not sure that she was ever thoroughly aware of my existence. But what did it matter? The genuineness of my passion was not thereby affected. The votary's offerings may not be received; his adoration may be unrequited. Still, his sincerity remains unquestionable—it may even be the more sublime.

My love was a dream, almost a folly; but not entirely so, for, remember, it sustained me in an hour of sore trouble, it was attended with solid advantages. To it I owed such success as I have obtained; and, moreover, it colored and influenced my life, weaving into its texture a thread of gold. It was romance—it was poetry, to my thinking; and have not these value, however seemingly fond and futile, vague of purpose, and vain of result?

I should have sought her sooner? It may be so. Perhaps things happened for the best. I still call her my Frederica, thinking of her ever as she was in my Burschen days—as she appeared in that vision in my studio, when she like an angel released me from despair and destitution, and led me back to life and well-being.

I returned to London to my art and to my pipe. Art, at any rate, is always faithful; and, perhaps, to one of my years, a pipe is the best of wives. It is silent as Frederica; but what comfort it exhales! how it bears with one! how it even encourages one's dreamings, and hopes, and flights of fancy! How companionable! how enduring! how consoling! And it never disagrees with one; unless, of course, it is very much abused.

He Keeps a Horse and Carriage.

The man across the way, says the Danbury *News*, has a horse and carriage. We have none. Three sadder words we never saw. The man across the way drives gaily forth every pleasant afternoon with his wife beside him. And we envy him and can't help it. There are others of the neighbors who envy him, and could we read each other's hearts we would find that our thoughts were following the lucky horseman in his various turns about town, in his cantering here and trotting there, and in the shine of his carriage and the proud bearing of his horse. But if it is a sadness to see him drive away, there is a pleasure in seeing him come back. For it is dark when he returns, the sunshine is gone, and in its stead is darkness with frost in it. He smiled complacently when he handed his wife into the carriage, but he doesn't smile when he hands her out. Perhaps the operation requires so much care and attention that it would not be right to smile. We know his nose is red because we can see it as he drives by the lamp. We know that his feet are frigid and that his legs are asleep, by the way he gets down to the ground. We are beginning to see how wrong it is to envy our fellow-man. He looks at her as she runs into the house and into the arms of the genial base-burner, and gloomily wonders why heaven so favors her above him. He stumbles painfully along to the stable with the horse, which he now thoroughly despises, rambling behind him. His hands are so numb he can hardly undo the fastenings of the door; his legs have awakened, and appear to be reproaching him; his eyes are full of water, and his soul overflowing with discontent. No harness was ever before so difficult to remove as is this. He feels the wrath bubbling up to the highest water-mark, and he could scream out—he is so mad. We are seeing now how wicked it is to envy our fellow man. He hears footsteps on the sidewalk, and sees the flash of warm light shoot out into the cold air as the various neighbors, having returned from their work, and having no horse, disappear hastily within, and take with them the bright, cheerful light. He gets the horse in the door, and starts to look up the lantern. He bumps various parts of his anatomy against articles it is too dark to learn the nature of. He would cry out in his pain and misery were he not awed by the astonishing profusion of the things he is falling over. He gives up the lantern and pulls off the harness to hang it up. The straps dangle down and get under his feet, and trip him, and the impatient animal suddenly bolts into the stall before it is fully undressed. Then there is another search for the lantern, and during it he raps his head against a beam, and the blood is so violent that it stirs up every one of his ideas, including the one which tells him that the lantern was taken into the house last night to be cleaned. He stumbles back over the frozen clods and into the house, where the bright light and warm air render him more gloomy and morose. He vouchsafes no information to the appropriate query from his wife if it was cold out, but darkly hints of impending retribution to whoever doesn't quit fooling with that lantern; and then stalks back to the stable. And there for the next fifteen minutes he employs himself in arranging the bedding, mixing the feed, and pondering on the advantage he has over his neighbors in having a horse and carriage of his own, to go where he pleases, and come when he—it is dark.

New York Potter's Field.

The burial pits in the New York Potter's field are deep excavations (the average depth is about ten feet), as may be inferred, and extend almost below low-water mark on Hart's Island. When the Fidelity brings a load of bodies from the city, they are taken to the ground and laid side by side in the pit. There is no indecency about the treatment of the bodies, and the handling is careful and orderly. A coffin may burst open now and then, and its frightful contents—for death is frightful at all times, and under such circumstances doubly so—tumble out, but the mishap is soon rectified, and the burial proceeds as if nothing had happened. As a boat load of coffins is placed in the pit they are covered with earth, not six feet in depth, but in winter, six inches. In summer, for protection, however, the covering is put on much thicker. It is never very heavy, as economy of space is the rule at all seasons. The superintendent of those pits has marked every coffin put in them since Hart's Island has been used as a Potter's Field. He is a German, and appears to be perfectly at home in the loathsome business, for it certainly is loathsome in summer, if not at all times. In these pits the burials are promiscuous—white and black, men, women and children are laid side by side.

For the benefit of the poor who desire it, single graves can be purchased for the moderate price of three dollars. These graves are numbered and the sum named covers all expenses. Sometimes bodies which are expected to be reclaimed are given separate interment, but if the reclamation is not made within a reasonable period they are removed to the general place of sepulture.

A Curious Lake.

One of our New England exchanges relates the following: "A body of water, said to cover an area of two acres or more, has just been discovered on the top of one of the mountains in Glatenbury. Some of the oldest inhabitants say that many years ago it was known to be there and was called the 'Lost Pond,' and that one day Stephen Pratt, then of Bennington, Vt., and two other gentlemen were roaming about in the then seemingly interminable forests, trapping. Happening to have hooks and lines in their pockets they determined to see if there wasn't some trout in the small brook which they came across. After getting everything in readiness they threw their hooks into the little brook, and to their amazement, as they afterwards expressed it themselves, 'it was filled with trout!' They fished along up the stream a few rods, and to their utter astonishment, came to the pond above mentioned. There they said the trout 'took hold too fast for sport!' They caught more than they could bring home through the woods, and were consequently obliged to leave some, but with a determination that they would visit the pond the next day. After a long march they finally reached the road to town, where they had left their team, but greatly fatigued. They traveled all the next day, but could not find the pond, and it has not been discovered until now."

The Royal Wedding.

How the Bridal Pair Behaved.

A close observer of the marriage ceremony in the English chapel, St. Petersburg, by which the Duke of Edinburg and the Grand Duchess Marie were united according to the Anglican rite, sends the following account to the London *Daily News*:

"Dean Stanley began the exhortation in a loud voice, which, on account of hoarseness, he was soon forced to abandon. As the ceremony proceeded the Duke seemed rather nervous, but looked pretty steadily at Dean Stanley; while the Grand Duchess cast her eyes down—now at the carpet, now at the bouquet that she carried—and regarded the Dean closely only during the usual interrogatories. In giving the vow, the Duke answered in a very loud voice, 'I will,' which was audible all over the church. When Dean Stanley asked, 'Who giveth this woman?' he looked significantly at the Emperor, who simply bowed. In giving her troth the Grand Duchess repeated the words after the clergyman in a clear, audible voice, and with excellent pronunciation.

"The presentation of the ring was not effected without some embarrassment. The Duke received the ring from Prince Arthur, and passed it to Dean Stanley, who looked at it with the eye of a connoisseur, and then returned it to the bridegroom. The Duke was somewhat embarrassed by the Prayer Book which he held, and tried to hand it to the train-bearer behind. That functionary, apparently not understanding what was required of him, did not take the proffered gift. The Grand Duchess, who was waiting, then offered to take the volume, but the Duke finally mastered the difficulty, and gracefully slipped the ring on the outstretched finger. The Dean joined the hands of the bride and bridegroom with a great deal of emphasis, and held them pressed together longer than is customary, but not even this triple union of hands prevented them from shaking with very obvious agitation. Instead of the usual exhortation at the end of the service, a special prayer was substituted, the felicitous language and sentiments of which left no doubt about its author. The Dean delivered the prayer in a very impressive manner, though he somewhat marred the effect by trying to raise his voice too high.

"At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal pair turned round to receive the salutations of the Empress, who had been standing with difficulty, and who looked very pale and feeble. She embraced her daughter, and gave her a long kiss. At this moment guns from the fortress bellowed forth their more boisterous greeting, and the splendid Russian bells shook a hundred spires.

"Slowly and solemnly the cortege took up once more its march. The bride looked pleased that the long ceremonial was over, and both she and the Duke of Edinburgh walked out of the hall with a quicker and more elastic step."

Expenses of the United States.

Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, in his report in the House on the currency question, said the expenditures for the last six years were as follows: In 1869, $332,000,000; in 1870, $309,000,000; in 1871, $292,000,000; in 1872, $277,000,000; in 1873, $290,000,000; and in the present fiscal year of 1873-2, $319,652,644. In 1870 the expenditures had been reduced to $309,000,000, while $100,000,000 of the public debt had been paid. In 1871 the expenditures had been reduced to $292,000,000, and $94,000,000 of the public debt had been paid. In 1872 the expenditures had been reduced to $277,000,000, and $99,000,000 of the public debt had been paid. In 1873 the expenditures had run up to $290,000,000, and only $43,000,000 of the public debt had been paid. This year the expenditures would be $319,000,000, without paying one dollar of the public debt.

He compared the expenses for collecting the Customs from 1866 to 1873, giving the following figures: 1866, $4,200,000; 1867, $4,590,000; 1868, $6,614,000; 1869, $6,256,000; 1870, $6,448,000; 1871, $6,452,000; 1872, $6,174,000, and 1873, $8,237,000.

The receipts of the first seven months of the fiscal year 1872-3, compared with the corresponding months of 1873-4, were as follows:

For 1872-3—Customs	$111,000,000
Internal Revenue	67,000,000
Total	$178,842,786
For 1873-4—Customs	$93,000,000
Internal Revenue	57,000,000
Total	$150,527,084

—showing a falling off in the receipts of the present year from those of last year of $28,315,702.

The comparison of receipts for the last five months of the last fiscal year with the estimated receipts for the coming five months of this fiscal year, were as follows:

1872-3—Receipts of last five months	$127,000,000
1873-4—Estimated receipts for the next five months	116,000,000

—making a falling off in that period of $11,516,275.

A Singular Cave.

In the range of mountains in Western North Carolina, known as the "Fox Range," a most singular phenomenon exists. It is a "breathing cave." In the summer months a current of air comes from it so strongly that a person can't walk against it, while in winter the suction is just as great. The cool air from the mountain in the summer is felt for miles, in a direct line from the mouth of the cave. At times a most unpleasant odor is emitted upon the current from dead carcasses of animals sucked in and killed by the violence. The loss of cattle and stock in that section in winter is accounted for in this way: They range too near the mouth of the cave, and the current carries them in. At times, when the change from inhalation to exhalation begins, the air is filled with various hairs of animals not unfrequently bones and whole carcasses are found miles from the place. The air has been known to change materially in temperature during exhalation from quite cool to unpleasantly hot, withering vegetation within reach, and accompanied by a terrible roaring, gurgling sound, as a pot boiling. It is unaccounted for by scientific men who have examined it, though no exploration can take place It is feared by many that a volcanic eruption may break forth there some time. Such things have occurred in places as little unexpected.

Assets.

The customary talk is about everybody's "assets." But the mercantile acceptation of the word does not include many things, the value of which is all the greater, because they cannot be seized for debt; nor can they be counted among the effects of men who are unhappily forced into the declaration of bankruptcy. These "assets," available to the debtor after he has surrendered everything else, and available to the solvent man as well, include sundry valuables not quoted in the market—such as health, industry, and temperance. The theme of this article is one which seldom has its due accorded to it. It is the wealth of leisure in the long winter evenings.

A Strangely, Sad Story,

A Little Girl Beaten and Bruised by a Burglar—A Novel in one Chapter.

The may be seen in an up-town millinery store here, says a New York correspondent, a pale and sad-faced woman, who, if any stranger gives her a second glance, bends over her work and seeks to hide her awfully mutilated countenance.

The forehead is crushed into her head fully two inches deep, the bone of the nose has been hideously broken, and one ear projects from her hair in the neighborhood of the organs of benevolence and veneration.

The duties of the little country girl for one pleasant October day were ended, and Minnie sat with her dolls in the kitchen, when a knock at the door was heard. She answered it and found a rough looking man, who asked for a drink of water and the nearest road to the next town. Little Minnie gave him what he asked and the man turned to depart, but as he passed through the swinging gate he caught his thumb in it and crushed it so badly that the watchful, kind child cried to him to come back and she'd give him something for it. Bringing a bottle of arnica she bound his bloody thumb up with one of her doll's calico aprons and thus bandaged, the thumb went off and took the rough looking man with it, and Minnie ate her supper, put her babies to bed, said her prayers and went herself to sleep in a trundle bed. This aunt had married years before, separated from her husband and supposed him dead. She kept a little millinery establishment, and had for a long time lived with her mother, a well-to-do old woman of eighty. Grandma this night slept in the aunt's bed. The aunt had gone for some new fashions to the distinguished capital, Burlington, so that the two were alone in the house.

About twelve a piercing cry from the old woman woke the girl, and starting up she beheld two men with black cloth over their heads and all their faces but their eyes, one of them emptying the drawer of the bureau, the other pulling the poor old woman down on the floor from a window to which she had sprang. Out climbed Minnie and laid hold of the ruffian, and a poor day for Minnie's beauty it was. The merciless wretch made quick work of the old woman. A blow on the head and a moment's pressure on the neck and the grandmother was quiet. Minnie shrieked and screamed, and with awful oaths the murderer struck her on the head with a flatiron two or three times, and left her for dead beside her grandmother. After searching the house they returned to the room where their victims lay. Minnie, notwithstanding her awful injuries, had regained her senses. She dimly saw, through the clots of blood that blinded her eyes, that the work of murder was not yet complete. One of them tore pieces from a cotton wadded comfortable on the bed, with a case knife packed it into the cracks beneath the "mop boards" around the room; poured a can of oil upon it, set it on fire and left the house; Minnie watched the whole operation, and saw that the man who had murdered her grandmother, wore on his right thumb the blue calico doll's apron she had bound upon the strange man in the afternoon. By no glimpse of the face had she seen on this second visit, this was the only clue she had, but as the little girl saw few faces the countenance of the wounded man whose thumb she tied up was stamped upon her memory, as indelibly as the blow he had dealt her was printed on her poor, young forehead.

The fire was creeping along in several places; the smoke was pouring out from between the overlapping boards of the frame house. Minnie crawled to the water pitcher, and dragging herself about the room poured the water on the burning rags. A dense smoke arose from them, and choked and fainting Minnie became again unconscious, finally to be awakened by a great outcry, as several early rising farmer neighbors broke into the house. The poor old woman had been hours dead, and Minnie's chances for living were counted nothing, but the girl was young and strong, and even with the rude skill of country practitioners Minnie got well, and dreadfully disfigured lived to work out a dreadful vengeance.

The aunt returned and wept and mourned the mother murdered, and the little neice so terribly wounded. In due time after Minnie was well a benevolent person took the child into the mountains of New Hampshire to regain the strength lost in that night of terror.

During the visit which lasted all the next summer, the supposed dead husband of the aunt turned up, told a dismal tale of hardship in the mines of New South Wales, shipwreck and sickness in the four quarters of the globe. Womanlike, the woman forgave the wanderer, and selling the old farm at his instigation, both went to live in Boston. Some months after this change, while the husband was away, the aunt sent for Minnie, and Minnie straightway obeyed, though the kind people she was with urged her to remain, saying the poor, disfigured creature would not attract the attention among them she would in a city of strangers. But attraction for her aunt determined the child, and she arrived at her relative's and had been there a week, when one evening she, in passing through the hall, met a man to whom, after giving one glance, she flew. Catching him by the throat she screamed like one mad.

The different inmates of the house speedily gathered on the scene. Minnie still clung to the man's throat, denounced him as the murderer of her grandmother and her own would-be executioner. With horror, the aunt heard this statement, for the man to whom the girl clung thus frantically was the newly-returned husband. The child reiterated over and over again the story of the hand jammed in the gate, which she had done up, and the aunt remembered, when he first presented himself, he was losing the nail from his piratical old thumb, and suffered much pain with it, and told some tale of catching it in a marling spike or some other nautical trap. She took sides with the niece, and was loud and firm in her accusations as the poor little witness. Some officious neighbors went for the police. The man was arrested and committed for examination. A smart attache of the station-house went to the prisoner and told him they'd got the other man and he'd confessed. This scared the ignorant wretch, and he admitted the whole affair, laying the blame of the murder on the accomplice. After a long and tedious trial—the details of which Minnie, now an elderly woman, has forgotten—the uncle was sentenced to State Prison for life. He has been dead many years. The married woman whose early life was so tragically eventful, supports herself as a milliner, and is so amiable, pleasant and intelligent a person that upon acquaintance one almost forgets the fearful face that strikes a stranger as perfectly appalling in its hideousness. This is the moral. All young people should remember that a sweet disposition will compensate for a forehead jammed in by a flat-iron. And though their ears be knocked to the top of their heads and stick up like a donkey's, they can walk off on those ears and be happy—if only they are good and cultivate nice manners.

The Robbers of the West.

Astounding Operations of the Missouri Banditti.

Mr. C. W. Alford, the conductor of the Little Rock express train, which was robbed on the Cairo and Fulton Railroad at Gad's Hill, has made the following statement of the audacious robbery to the St. Louis *Republican*:

Train No. 7, Little Rock express, left St. Louis and arrived at Gad's Hill, 120 miles from St. Louis, at a quarter to 5 P. M., nearly an hour behind time, being due there at six minutes after 4 P. M. We always stop at Gad's Hill, although there is no station house, but simply a platform. The place is in the woods, has but two or three houses, and there was once a sawmill in operation there.

Our train comprised the mail, express, and baggage—all in the same car. The train consisted of two coaches and a sleeping car. On arriving at Gad's Hill there were about twenty-five passengers on the train, going through to Little Rock, Hot Springs, and points beyond. On nearing the place I saw some people on the platform, and one of them waved a red flag as a signal of danger ahead. On coming up to the platform the train was hailed, and the switch on the south was turned on the side track, while the switch on our rear was also thrown on the side track as quick as we passed it, so the train could not move forward or run back. Soon the indications showed the true condition of matters. A number of persons were on the platform under guard, and it was ascertained that all the residents of the place, including boys and girls, had been captured. They were gathered about a fire in the open air to keep warm. It turned out that the place was in possession of five desperadoes, three of whom were armed with double barrelled guns, and all had navy revolvers. As soon as I got there, on seeing the red flag, I jumped off the train, thinking that the track was torn up. A man advanced and caught me by the collar and stuck a pistol in my face. He was at least six feet in height, and wore a mask on his face composed of white cloth, like a handkerchief, and the lower portion was tucked in his bosom. There were holes for his eyes and nose.

I was a little surprised, but understood his object when he shouted, on thrusting his pistol in my face: "Stand still, or I'll blow the top of your head of." He at the same time yelled: "If a shot is fired out of the car I will kill the conductor." By this time two of the ruffians, masked alike, went to the engineer and fireman of the train and made them come down. Another of the robbers, also masked and armed, took a position on the opposite side of the train, and as any of the passengers stuck their heads out of the windows he drew a bead on them with a double-barrelled shot-gun, and shouted, "Take your heads in and not move out of the car!" a summons which they thought prudent to obey, or take the contents of his gun. The captured engineer and fireman were brought to the platform where I was held a prisoner, and were told to stand there or they would be shot. The robbers then ordered the brakeman and baggageman to stand beside me. Two of the desperadoes then went into the mail room of the baggage car, and accosting the mail agent with threats, demanded the registered packages. They then rummaged over the packages, tore them open, threw them on the floor, and then placed the mail agent in company with the crowd under guard. They then went to the express messenger and made him give up his keys and his pistol. The express messenger had his pistol drawn on one of the robbers, but another one of the gang covered him with a shot gun and was ready to blow his head off had he not immediately surrendered.

The robbers next went to the safe and took out the money and packages. They overhauled one package marked "watch," opened it, and, finding that it was a silver timepiece, threw it down on the floor. At this time the gang was disposed as follows: There were two or them in the baggage-car rummaging among the money packages and valuables, one standing guard on each side of the train, and one guarding us near the platform. They looked through the boxes, broke open my satchel, and took therefrom my pistol. They then started through the train, robbing the passengers. In this operation they were boisterous, and punched some of them in the head and face with their pistols, ordering them to give up their money. Three females in the ladies' car and two in the sleeping-car only escaped from being robbed. One lady—Mrs. Scott of Pennsylvania—and her son were robbed in the sleeping-car of $400. They were on their way to Hot Springs. They left Mrs. Scott only ten cents. One lady was robbed of three handkerchiefs. They got $1,085 from the Adams Express. Also the following amounts from the passengers: From Silas Ferry, $750; from C. D. Henry, $154.25; from Col. G. L. Dart, Peru, Ind., $30; from Mr. Lincoln, of St. Paul, $200; from O. S. Newell, the sleeping-car conductor, $20; from John McKhan of Wabash, Ind., $15; also a ring worth $30 and a breastpin valued at $10; from James Johnson (colored) sleeping-car porter, $2; from the train boy, $40.

Another passenger, who declined to give his name, lost a gold watch. I lost $50 and my pistol. There were twelve or fifteen gold watches on the train, and only one was taken. They took my gold watch, but the baggage master said, "For God's sake, you won't take it, for it is a present," and the watch was given back to me. They got away with four or five pistols in all. They didn't bother the baggage in the least. Besides what they robbed from the passengers they got $800 from a citizen of Gad's Hill, and also his rifle. They did not appear to be under the influence of liquor, but were very noisy. They would exclaim: Give me your pistol, you son of a ——, you've got more money than all that comes to!" "Shell out or I'll blow your brains out!" with such like threats and ejaculations. Col. Morley, chief engineer of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad, expostul

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Mar. 5, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2.5 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

An amendment to the Constitution, providing for the election of U. S. Senators by the people instead of the Legislature is being agitated. That would be proper enough, the people should have the right to determine who shall be their Senators. Under such an amendment it would never have been possible to saddle a Simon Cameron upon our state, who never was elected to any office by the people.

And now Sumner is opposing the centennial jubilee. On the 27 ult., in the senate the centennial bill came up when Mr. Sumner offered his amendment in the nature of a substitute, providing that the government shall not take any responsibility with regard to the centennial. Mr. Sumner then proceeded to address the senate in favor of his proposition. He disclaimed any opposition to the celebration of the centennial of American independence, but he was opposed to mixing it up with a world's fair. He then proceeded to sketch the history of American independence, speaking at considerable length without discussing the merits of the bill before the senate.

If the Philadelphia ring were killed off, there would not be so much hesitancy in some quarters to give the centennial more earnest encouragement. But people have an idea that if the ring gets its dirty fingers into it, they will steal the bigger part of the funds.

A New Yorker has sent $500 to the conscience fund—money which he had unjustly taken from the government. A few fellows have cheated the Reporter after lifting it some years, if conscience dont strike them, the sounding of Gabriel's trump on the last day, will be the commencement of a warm time for them.

John Latta, some time ago, was mentioned in connection with the next democratic nomination for governor. Now we notice that he is mentioned for lieutenant governor. Mr. Latta may next be recommended for chief clerk of one of the departments.

Bruce Petriken also was mentioned for governor, a month ago. We now hear a Huntingdon paper "fetching him out" for lieutenant governor. Trot out your second rate material, there is some more of it on hand.

Our member, Mr. Orvis is on the committee to investigate the recent black-mailing scheme to aid in the passage of the usury bill. He has given the witnesses a thorough sifting, and if there was anything in them, only the deepest perjury on the part of the witness, could prevent Mr. Orvis from getting it out.

Senator Cameron meets with ill success in putting the centennial bill through the senate, and has failed in several attempts. No wonder, any measure in such hands must be looked upon with suspicion. Cameron is the wrong man to put at the head of any thing reputable.

The bill allowing parties to take 10 per cent interest by special contract, was defeated in the house, the other day, which settles the matter for this session.

Brown's last week's paper pelts a broadside at representative Orvis. We thought William had learned to know, ere this, that all his shots are as paper pellets against an iron clad, so far as Orvis is affected thereby. W. W. "went for him" right handsomely last election, and the result was a largely increased majority for Mr. Orvis. Brown is past hurting any one, and never would be held guilty of slander, for his abuse has the opposite effect, and no one believes what he says. Better print Mr. Orvis' record, and let your readers know what he is doing, and make yourself respectable—Mr. Orvis is gaining strength every day, no matter what Brown says.

The state of Massachusetts and the radical party of that commonwealth in particular, has been in fearful commotion, on account of the appointment of one Simmons as collector at Boston. Butler and his faction were for Simmons—the balance of the Massachusett's delegation and the most of the leading rads were against him, and the war was terribly bitter. The matter was decided on 27, by the confirmation of Simmons. In fact, the fight could not have been more bitter and caused more ugly mouth-making, if it had been a peck of Green persimmons that the anti Simmon's rads were made to swallow, and everybody knows how quick a green persimmon will draw a man's mouth into a whistling attitude. Senators Boutwell and Sumner again severally spoke in opposition to the nominee. Senators Conkling and Carpenter advocated the nomination, speaking in praise of the gentleman and of his business capacity, and were unable to see in the remarks presented any proper reasons for rejection. Finally the vote was taken, and the senate confirmed the nomination by a vote of 27 to 17.

Late advices from Beunos Ayres report that the Asiatic cholera continues to rage with unabated violence.

The State agent of the grangers of Indiana has reports up to this date of the organization of fourteen hundred and fifty Grangers in that State, an average of sixteen to each county.

Negroes at The Capitol.

DARK-SKINNED LOUNGERS OF THE GALLERIES AND LOAFERS OF THE STREETS.

[*Grace Greenwood in New York Times.*

The Philanthropic allusion of Mr. Cox to the colored patriots, "sitting uniformly in the galleries," and to their urgent, desperate need of decent clothing, suggests a question which somebody ought to consider and act upon, and that somebody should be the Senate or the House of Representatives. It is, Shall men and boys, however well colored, but ragged to the point of indecency, and dirty to absolute filthiness continue to enjoy the freedom of the galleries? They now make them their lounging and resting-places. Some of these habitues are famous sleepers. Even when the rights and privileges and wrongs and disabilities of their own race are under discussion, somnolency overcomes them, and they sleep "not wisely but too well." Senators have told me that thorugh all their night sessions they are encompassed about by this dark cloud of oblivious witnesses, who sometimes spend the entire night, especially if the weather be cold or stormy, luxuriating in the warmth and comfort of the summer-like air and soft-cushioned seats of the gallery. Now the question is, Should the United States Senate Chamber be used as a station-house for vagrants, however meritorious, and tatterdemalious, however patriotic? Colored women, having a more lively sense of propriety, and not having the franchise, seldom visit the Capitol except in their Sunday best, yet I saw the other day in the ladies gallery of the Senate a couple of elderly colored laundresses who evidently did not do their own washing, neither did they put it out.

I was a friend to the colored people when they needed friends—when the politicians who court and use them now were ridiculing, reviling, and hunting them down; and it is in no harsh or fault finding spirit I speak now, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." I mean all I say in kindness, but somebody ought to speak out when there is a general cause of complaint. Sloth and squalor are not confined to our lately enfranchised citizens, but here at the capital they oftenest put on that color—a color which always inclines me to lenient judgment, remembering the long, dreadful past, the hard condition of the old life, the cruel hindrances, the darkness, the bondage—all unfitting them for habits of order and industry, for selfrespecting respectability still. I think it is time they were taught either by the precept and example of the most intelligent and refined of their own race, or by the authority yet for a time resting in ours, to regard the proprieties and decencies of life. Into our street cars, especially those on the avenue, come men and boys whom it is not disagreeable but positively perilous to set by—animated masses of rags, giving out foul and sickening odors. The street car, tis true, "is the poor man's carriage," but it is extravagance in the poor man to use it when he can as well walk. How men ragged as Neapolitan lazzaroni can afford frequent indulgences of the kind is to me a profound and baffling mystery. I have known great hulking, lazy boys, with rags fluttering in every wind, like signals of distress, take a street car for a lift of three or four blocks. Colored youths of this sort show a manly jealousy of their rights under the fifteenth amendment, and seldom are known to offer a seat to a women, whether she be a delicate white girl or a feeble old colored "aunty." They are almost as unevil as New York merchants, lawyers, and editors. I hope I need not say I am glad that colored people can ride in the cars, but it does seem to me they are overdoing the thing in this city. We hardly have a fair chance; they have so taken possession of that popular vehicle that we think of petitioning the munificent and magnificent corporation of the Georgetown and Navy yard Street Railway to furnish a set of new and elegant cars, and put new straw in them and colored conductors on them, and set them apart for our colored citizens, leaving to us the present old, dilapidated concerns, unchanged, except that they shall be plainly lettered. "White people allowed to ride in these cars."

To be serious and not invidious, It seems to me that for the honor and safety of the community, regulations should be established excluding all persons indecently ragged or offensively dirty not only from the galleries of the Capitol but from the public conveyances of the city, and that these regulations should be rigidly enforced without regard to age, sex color, or previous condition of servitude.

Since winter weather and black of funds have suspended operations of the Board of public Works, many poor colored men are quite out of employment. How do they live? Do the ravens feed them; and who are the ravens? They are not riotous or disquieted. They seem rather to enjoy their leisure in hanging about the City Hall, and thronging the headquarters of the District Government. Any point where voting is going on, and their race is represented, has still a novel attraction for them. The more ignorant have wild ideas of their political privileges. They seem to think that offices are lying about loose, and that they can help themselves to the franchise at any time. What man so ignorant and so poor among them all as to be willing to change his political status for that of an intelligent, well-to-do white woman? They are adopting, I fear, some of the questionable social philosophies of the highest civilization. A friend lately overheard a little street-corner talk between two young colored laborers, Says one, on the broad grin of friendly delight at the encounter: "Why, I declar', I'se mighty glad to see you: how is you, and how's yer family?" Says the other, on a broader grin, "O, I'se fust rate—but I haint got no family." "What! is yer wife dead?" "Bless ye. no, she's only runned away with another man; how's your woman?" But slavery was not the best of schools in which to learn respect for the marriage bond as a sacred, irrevocable compact, and perhaps it is well that they take its occasional rupture in this easy philosophical spirit—not considering that the emancipation proclamation and constitutional amendments give them the right to stab and smother inconsistent consorts, like so many Othellos, or to avenge their domestic infelicities by shooting right and left, like ordinary Anglo-Saxon heroes or great ambassadors and envoys extraordinary.

Cardinal Antonelli has sent a circular letter to all the Roman Catholic bishops asking them to come to Rome, as the Pope wishes to see them before he dies.

Jacksonville, February 27.—William Keene, murderer of Valentine, was hung at 10.30 this morning. He acknowledged his guilt.

Legislative.

SENATE.

HARRISBURG, February 27, 1874

The bill dividing the eighth normal school district was recalled from the House and reconsidered.

The only bill read in place was a bill authorizing the governor to appoint aldermen to fill vacancies in that office

The legislative compensation bill was taken up and passed on its third reading.

The Senate spent the afternoon on the corporation bill and only got about half through when they adjourned till Monday evening at half past seven o'clock.

HOUSE.

The House was occupied all morning on the bill providing for the collection of taxes.

The act requiring Judges of this Supreme Court to file written opinions was amended to apply to Common Pleas Judges, giving the latter six months in which to do so.

Mr. Young, from the Dimmick Committee, will report in full on Tuesday.

The Special Committee, of which Senator Anderson, of Allegheny, is chairman, appointed to investigate the charges of licentiousness, preferred against A. L. Guss, of the Cassville Soldiers' Orphans' School, have returned from Huntingdon county, where the Committee held meetings at Cassville and elsewhere on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. They adjourned last night to meet again in Huntingdon on Friday of next week, when the evidence will be closed, and the Committee will make their report.

At this week's meeting of the Committee upwards of one hundred and fifty witnesses were examined on behalf of the defendant, Guss. The testimony was entirely of a negative character, and was aimed to exculpate Guss by the evidence of persons who had never seen him commit the acts complained of. The general impression is that the evidence produced for the prosecution was not shaken in the least.

There are rumors at Huntingdon that extraordinary efforts are being put forth to induce some of the witnesses who testified against Guss at the past meetings of the Committee, to put in retractions at the meeting next week, and that money is being freely used to accomplish this purpose. One pretty straight story is that a girl whose testimony seriously incriminated Guss, has been offered four hundred dollars to go on the stand again and contradict herself. There is rather strong evidence of this.

The closing meetings of the committee are expected to be very exciting. The people of the county are intensely interested, and the feeling runs high. The majority believe Guss guilty, while he has a few friends who stand by him and say he is a persecuted saint.

Feb 27. House bill No. 18; repealing the usury laws, came up on second reading.

The pending question was a motion of Mr. E. Reed Myer to postpone the bill indefinitely,

Mr. Wolfe entered into a personal explanation of the motives which had induced him last Friday to call the previous question in the midst of a speech by Mr. Orvis in favor of the bill. He had taken that action because it had been apparent to him that Mr. Orvis had intended to "talk against time," *i. e.*, to consume all the time until the hour of adjournment, and thus prevent a vote upon the bill. He had been confirmed in that view by finding upon the floor, at the foot of his desk, a note addressed to Mr. Orvis by another member, saying, "Orvis, can't we prevent them from getting a vote to-day? Wolfe is preparing to call the previous question."

At this point Mr. Wolfe was interrupted by the speaker *pro tem.* Mr. Newmyer, who alluded pointedly to the impropriety of presenting a note obtained in such a manner, more particularly in the absence of Mr. Orvis (who is on duty out on an investigating committee).

Mr. Wolfe defended himself by saying that the note had contained nothing improper, and that Mr. Orvis, who was effected too by it, was fully able to take care of himself on his return.

Mr. Talley said that he had made a definite agreement with Mr. Wolfe on that day by which he [Mr. Wolfe] promised on his honor as a man and a member not to call the previous question, yet he had violated that promise a few moments afterwards.

Mr. Wolfe admitted these facts, but explained that he had only violated the agreement when it had become evident that Mr. Orvis intended to talk until the hour of adjournment. He had moreover, become irritated by some personal allusions made by Mr. Orvis.

Mr. Talley replied that a member who allowed himself to become so irritated as to forget a solemn promise ought not to speak.

Mr. Newmyer (Speaker *pro tem.*) said that the attempt made by Mr. Wolfe on that day to force a vote on the usury bill immediately on the heels of the dlevelopments of the attempted bank swindle, was as bad as calling the "previous question" in the midst of a member's speech.

Mr. E. Reed Myer considered that Mr. Wolfe had violated no rule of the House, and was in his opinion entirely justified in the course he had taken.

The bebate then took a discursive form. Various members explained the reasons which would influence them in their votes upon the usury bill, all of them alike disclaiming being influenced in any way by outside pressure or by any of the acts of irresponsible parties.

The motion to indefinitely postpone the bill was agreed to by 68 yeas to 14 nays.

House, Feb. 28.—Mr. Orvis rose to a question of privilege, and stated that he saw from the proceedings of the house that a private letter addressed to him had been read by the gentlemen from Union, and said he was very much obliged to the gentleman for withholding the name of the writer, and had no objection to the gentleman's reading all his letters under the same condition, and only rose to let the writer of the note know that his confidence had not been betrayed, as he (Mr. Orvis) did not know how the gentleman from Union (Mr. Wolfe) had obtained possession of the note.

Mr. Wolfe stated in reply that the note referred to had been handed to him by a third party and had not been picked up by himself.

Mr. Orvis replied, and the matter was further discussed by both gentlemen.

The salary of the Lieutenant Governor is to be three thousand dollars per annum.

South Carolina's Woes.

THE DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF NEGRO AND CARPET-BAG RULE-EXORBITANT TAXES AND BAREFACED PLUNDER-A PROTEST FROM TAX-PAYERS.

Columbia, S. C., February 17.—The Tax-payers Convention met at noon to-day. Nearly 200 delegates were present.

In his opening address President Porter said that the bad faith of the State Government and public corruption and extravagance made the reassembling of the Convention necessary. Tax-payers are in despair. They have no civil freedom, but are subjects of a plain and naked despotism. The preponderance of the political power is in the hands of non tax payers who refuse the tax-payers a fair representation for their protection. The proprietary interests, representing $170,000,000 of property, is taxed ad libitum without its consent by those who bear no burden and enjoy the spoliation. Governor Porter showed by facts and figures that while taxable property had declined from $500,000 000 to $175,000,000 the taxes had risen from $400,000 to over $2,500,000. The people are virtually required to pay twenty times as much as before the war. The bonded debt is trebled, the amount of the floating debt is unknown, legislative expenses have risen from $40,000 to $300,000, and the public printing from $5,000 to $330,000.

The address was received with much applause, especially the references to immigration and to the part played by South Carolina in the war of independence. Resolutions were adopted for the appointment of a standing committee and for the appointment of a committee to take to Washington a petition to Congress.

The Convention then adjourned till to-morrow,

Hipple Mitchell Again.

The memorial of citizens of Oregon charging Senator Mitchell, of that State, in seven distinct counts of living under an assumed name, and with seduction, bigamy, adultery, &c., the full details of which memorial were recently given in this correspondence was finally presented to the Senate on 17, by his Democratic colleague, Mr. Kelly, who added that during the twelve years Mitchell had lived in Oregon, he had never heard of these charges, and that he submitted the petition without comment either way. It was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The memorialists say that Mitchell's real name is John Hipple, and that they are able to prove the other charges by living witnesses if the Committee will send for them. They first ask that the charges be shown to Mitchell that he may resign, but if he refuses then they demand that he may be expelled. The memorial raises the old question as to the power of the Senate to go behind the record of a Senator's election to inquire into his personal conduct.

The Massachusetts Senate has passed the ten hour bill by a vote of 18 to 14. It makes no provision for the hours of labor of men, but provides that women and children under eighteen, shall not be employed in any establishment for the manufacture of textile fabrics, threads, yarns or worsteds more than sixty hours a week or an average of ten hours a day. Each violation is punishable by a fine of fifty dollars.

The Senate Committee on public lands has agreed to report favorably on the bill allowing any person who has failed to acquire a perfect title to his preemption or homestead entry to file another declaratory statement or homestead application for another tract. They also agreed to report favorably to Pratt's bill, granting to the several States all unsurveyed overflowed lands and with sundry amendments the House bill, amendatory of the act to encourage the growth of timber on western praries

Going to the Dogs.—An intelligent correspondent of the N. Y. Graphic writes from Washington under date of Jan. 26th, as follows:

The Republican leaders are in great trouble. The fight for the succession is already under way. The shrewder men who know they have no chance become painfully aware of the fact that while the aspirants quarrel there is a strong probability that long before the time comes there will be no Republican party to make a secession from. One of the oldest and most trusted of the Republican leaders declares that to-day Grant is far more popular in the Southern than in the Northern States; that he takes no advice and asks no counsel, unless it be that one as mischievous as Butler and as indifferent to moral sense as Cushing or contemptuous of the average, as is Mr. Fish. He declares that unless the party faces to the West, and adopts a policy commensurate with the continental necessities of the land, there will soon be a rapid disintegration, with nothing to replace the great organization. The President, he declares, is unwilling to lead off or indicate a policy, and the successful men of business affairs, who are the only ones with whom he is on familiar terms, do all they can to prevent him from recognizing the national impulses; which should be first felt in the Executive office. The Republican party, this statement says, is fast degenerating into an organization of details in which the men of mind are losing grasp from over eagerness to obtain promotion for themselves.

Disastrous Conflagration in Panama.

Kingston, Jamaica, February 21.—There was a very serious fire in Panama on the 19th ult., which consumed the main portion of the city. Among the buildings burned were the Grand hotel, city saloon and bank. The loss is roughly estimated at $1,000,000, the greater portion of which is covered by insurance. No further details have been received.

ESCAPE OF DELAWARE CONVICTS

Five Prisoners Break Jail at Newcastle and Escape—The Jailer gagged.

Newcastle, Del., February 25.—About one o'clock this morning Isreal Ridings, the night warden at the jail in this place, hearing a slight noise in the yard opened the door, when he was immediately seized by a gang of a dozen men who gaged and handcuffed him, tied his feet, and threw him into a coal-hole. One of the gang threatened the warden's life with a drawn knife, but another man known as "Big Frank" interfered. The men got over the wall by two short ladders tied together, which they brought with them. They carried away a prisoner named E. Frazier, who was under a life sentence for the murder of Allison. It is supposed the party reached here in a tug-boat, which was seen off Newcastle last night and has disappeared this morning.

Big Frank is one of a party who was whipped some time ago, and for whose rescue before the whipping a plot was formed, but did not succeed, being foiled by the citizens who were on guard.

In addition to Frazier, the bank burglars Lawton, Hurlburt, Carter, and Hope, each under sentence of ten years' imprisonment, were rescued by thegang of men which overpowered the warden of the jail last night. The rescuers opened the prisoners' cells by means of jackscrews, forcing open the windows. There were twelve or fifteen men engaged in the rescue who are supposed to come from Philadelphia.

A RAILROAD HORROR IN CANADA.

Montreal, March 1.—A fearful accident occurred on the Great Western Railroad last night. The Sarnia accommodation train left London at 6.30 P. M., and consisted of empty tank-cars, baggage, and second-class cars and coach.

When seven miles west of London the coach took fire, it is supposed by the falling of a lamp. The fire was not discovered until the interior of the saloon was completely filled with flames, which spread through the coach almost instantly. The passengers were compelled to jump from the rear platform and windows.

The train was stopped as soon as possible, but before they could be extracated eight passengers were fatally suffocated and burned.

BOILER EXPLOSION—TWENTY PERSONS KILLED AND THIRTY INJURED.

London, March 2.—A dispatch from Blackburn, Lancashire, brings intelligence of a terrific boiler explosion, causing a startling loss of life in that town to-day. Twenty persons were instantly killed and thirty injured. Many of the wounded are badly hurt, and it is believed many of them will die.

EXPENDITURES OF CENTRE COUNTY PAID BY JAS. F. WEAVER, TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1873.

Commissioners pay—		
S F Foster paid on bal, Jan, 73	$ 144 53	
do salary as Com'r.	611 77—	756 30
A C Hinton paid on bal, Jan. 1, 1873	46 00	
A C Hinton salary to Jan 1874 in full	520 00—	566 00
J G Sankey		489 98
Jos. McCloskey in full		129 40
S F Foster writing unsent'd land books	65 00	
S F Foster office on assess books	175 00—	240 25
Wm Furey salary as commis'rs clerk and on bal. due him	1 068 82	
Wm Fury, services as Commissioner on public buildings, unsettled by former Commissioners	250 00—	1 318 82
Commissioners pay for enrolling and making list of militia No. 1028	80 00—	80 00
Militia account—		
Paid Commissioners enrolling Militia	80 00	
Paid P E Sellars	200 00	
Paid John Bing	18 00—	298 00
Notes and interest paid		16 475 29
Insurance on public buildings		562 44
Refunding tax, County		137 29
do do State, Union		1 885 78
Undine Fire Co. appropriation		50 00
D W Woodring, late Sheriff		1 116 03
Jas Welch & Co. stationery		60
J Zeller & Son, medicines for prisoners		11 00
A Williams Dockets		56 50
Wilson & Hicks stov's and Hardware		32 66
Jas F Weaver, expenses seeing tax Collectors		25 00
P J White, repairing at jail		113 50
A C Hinton, expense on Duplicate		18 00
Hoffer Bros. mdse for jail		39 22
Alx. Johnson, cleaning office		2 50
Jno T Johnston, postage		16 29
J & J Harris, hardware		79 73
Wm V Hughes, lumber		11 51
H H Kline		20 00
Harper Bros, mdse		4 75
Loeb, May & Loeb, mdse		24 50
Wm McCulley, horse hire		2 00
L Miller, cutting wood		1 50
John Marks, wood		3 00
F Miller, cutting wood		10 50
J H Morrison, stationery		25 00
Thos Miller, work		1 75
Agnew Moore, making draft		3 00
Wm Murphy & Son, books, &c		50 00
John S Lonberger, repairing jail roof, stoves, &c		415 55
Jno A S Mallory, smithing		19 00
Sam'l Nichols, work		5 00
D Orvis, wood		50 00
G O Bryan, chairs and mattrass		53 50
G W Rushenberger, rep'g bells in jail		8 00
J G Sankey, extra expenses		4 00
Shrom & Co. binding carpets		7 00
H Y Stitzer, books and stationery		106 41
W E Shaffer, repair'g and work on jail		47 15
W H Wilkinson & Co, boarding jurors in Richard's case		104 00
Wilson Williams, cleaning and work		15 00
Geo H Weaver, removing ashes		8 50
Norah McAllister, washing for prisoners		133 75
J R & C T Alexander, coal bills		442 98
B F Batcheller, mdse for prisoners		4 50
I S Barnhart, Com'rs Att'y		100 00
John Breechbill, mattrasses for jail		5 00
Andrew Barret, wood		2 50
Robert Brennon, work at cistern.		2 50
John Boal, wood		17 50
Dr J H Dobbins, medical attendance on prisoners		70 00
Commiss'rs expense, use of County		10 00
H G Conser, mercantile appraiser		10 00
Wm Dailey, wood		1 50
Centre Co. Banking Co. on account of safe		200 00
S F Foster, pens for office		1 00
E M Foster, services on registration books		25 00
Wm Furey, election papers November election		55 00
Joseph Furey, sub, to "Standard"		2 00
Fryberger & Grim, mdse		15 12
D F Fortney, auditing dockets		35 00
I J Grenoble, books and stationery for office		57 50
Elias Grove, repairs and carpen'r work		55 30
Bart. Galbraith, painting fence & work		110 00
Isaac Guggenheimer mdse		57 40
Daniel Garman, sundry expenses.		40 00
Rob't McKnight, gas bill		300 00
Daniel McGinley, water tax		150 00
John McDermott, repairs to jail and court house		266 00
Geo N Hale, court reporter		15 00
Harvey Hoover, Hauling lumber		1 00
Isaas Haupt, castings for furnace		39 40
J E Hackenberry, ice for court room		1 20
Assessors pay and registration expenses		1 751 32
Election pay		1 687 71
Jurors expenses		3 578 85
Commonwealth costs		2 009 72
Constables' pay		678 19
Jury Commissioners pay		28 87
Teachers Institute for 1872—73		276 30
Ag'l Society of Centre county		100 00
Inquisitions on dead bodies		96 81
Auditors' pay Jan 1 '73		52 00
do clerk do		25 00
Premiums to collectors		60 00
Court criers and tipstaves		127 50
Bart. Galbraith, janitor of court house		310 00
Scalp premiums		656 79
Western Penitentiary, keeping prisoners		475 68
Penna. State Lunatic Hospital Harrisburg, keeping Insane		1 754 31
State Hospital for the Insane Danville, keeping Insane		577 99
P G Meek, ag't printing		800 00
W W Brown, do		718 65
Fred, Kurtz, do		471 25
Barger & Co, do		5 00
P D Stover, do		50 00
E T & R P Tuten, ag't printing.		98 20
G W Foot, do		220 00
Road views	$279 00	
Road damages—		
L Trezzyulny, paid damages	150 00	
E McMeen, do do	30 00	
Jos G Gardner do do	50 00	
D Cox, do do	50 00	
T Butler do do	50 00	
Bridge—Beech Creek—		
Agnew Moore	545 00	
Agnew Moore on bridge account	47 00	
Commissioners expenses on road views and bridges	60 00	
S F Koster expenses on road views and bridges	8 00	
A C Hinton expenses on road views and bridges	13 00—	1282 00
Unseated Land Refunding—		
J H Orvis	$ 11 07	
Edmund Blanchard	38 40	
J P Gephart	7 97	
C T Alexander	28 64	
E J Pruner	264 00	
S D Gray	56 21	
Jas F Weaver	963 09	
J M Ellis	172 00—	1541 68
		$46,926 17
Unseated Lands paid Twps—		
McAllister & Beaver	$ 43 86	
John Thompson, Liberty 71-72	9 20	
Jacob Vanpool, Taylor, 70-71	39 58	
Samuel Hoover, do 70-71	213 48	
James Heverly, Howard, 70-71	35 55	
A Sample & Son, Ferguson, '73	76 17	
Levi Reynolds, Rush 70 71	79 66	
J K Hosterman, Miles, 70-71	59 68	
Philip Shook or E Weaver, Gregg	35 80	
J C Walker, Boggs, 70-71,	20 55	
G D Kline, Harris, 70-71,	5 02	
John Holmes, Marion, 70-71	43 57	
C M Bower, Haines, 68-69-70-71	64 97	
D W Kline, Huston, 70-71	57 87—	784 46
		$47,710 63

RECAPITULATION

Treas'r paid on acc't Co	$46,628 17
do do Militia	298 00
do do unsea'd l'ds	784 46
	$47,710 63

List of Taxes outstanding and in hands of collectors, Jan. 1, 1874.

1865		
Martin Murphy, Burnside	176 32	
Simon Lingle, Liberty	242 22	
1867		
S F Ishlur, Benner	10 04	
1868		
A Snyder, Bellefonte boro	75 60	
Wm Askey, Burnside	56 15	
A Jones, Philipsburg	95 48	
John Pownell, Boggs	157 60	
Jacob Hosterman, Haines	447 38	
Wm Cross, Half Moon	58 94	
1869		
D F Fortney, Bellefonte	490 78	
J M Bush, Patton	75 98	
D Hosterman, Haines	223 03—	$2109 52
1870		
Daniel Derr, Bellefonte,	275 71	
John Holter, Boggs	113 66	
Sam'l Brickley, Howard	93 57	
Henry Cartin, Bellefonte	207 28	
Alf Hassinger, Benner	287 32	
John Minnich, Gregg	170 26	
John Ward, Half Moon	94 63	
Sam'l Brickley, Howard	85 49	
Joseph Crotzer, Potter	39 32	
Joseph Shaffer, Walker	597 11—	1964 35
1872		
Wm Riddles, Philipsburg	293 69	
Thos Marshall, Benner	247 05	
J C Walker, Boggs	109 11	
Jno McCloskey, Curtin	103 38	
S Neiss, Gregg	570 27	
H I Gates, Half Moon	256 97	
Nelson Askey, Howard	99 14	
David Robb, Liberty	163 97	
David Harter, Marion	514 93	
Daniel Geary, Penn	21 54	
Geo Stover, Potter	924 23	
J C Nasson, Rush	247 45	
Jas Gates, Snow Shoe	324 79	
Jacob Reber, Walker	110 86—	4047 18
1873		
Chas Brown, Bellefonte	2043 04	
E H Carr, Milesburg	261 48	
E Perks, Philipsburg	950 46	
J McIlvaine, How'd bor.	164 14	
Ed Lucas, Unionville	267 49	
Sam'l Yearick, Benner	1022 40	
Daniel Malone, Boggs	898 91	
Jacob Croft, Burnside	184 61	
Fred'k Kierhoff, Curtin	284 15	
Albert Hoy, Ferguson	2325 65	
Daniel Barges, Gregg	2261 80	
John Ketner, Haines	1575 31	
W H Miller, Harris	2895 83	
J H Griffin, Half Moon	459 62	
W F Leathers, Howard	339 14	
W W Cline, Huston	255 00	
Wm Spangler, Liberty	535 35	
Levi Rarick, Marion	1293 52	
Henry Wolf, Miles	1255 89	
Jonas Stine, Patton	640 47	
Dan'l Musser, Penn	1460 68	
P D Neff, Potter	3586 94	
David Logan, Rush	996 13	
Jos Thompson, Snowshoe	526 33	
Jos Ross, Spring	2261 30	
Wm Speidle, Union	1255 61	
J M Garbrick, Walker	1899 94	
Elias Turner, Worth	282 69—	31641 77
		$39,762 82

List of Tax Collectors who have paid since settlement of account Jan 1, 1874.

1872 Wm Riddle, Philipsburg	$ 100 00
1873 Jos Thompson, Snow Shoe	200 00
Chas Brown, Bellefonte	600 00
1871 Jos Crotzer, Potter	39 32
1873 W F Leathers, Howard	36 85
1872 Jacob C Walker, Boggs	10 00
1873 Joseph Ross, Spring	524 76
Samuel Yearick, Benner	770 78
L C Rearick, Marion	132 10
W W Spangler, Liberty	43 00
Jno McIlvaine, Howard Boro	59 83
D W Kline, Huston	100 00
J W Kierchoff, Curtin	56 73
J H Griffin, Half Moon	175 00
D A Musser, Penn	508 00
Elias Turner, Worth	118 00
P D Neff, Potter	2000 00
Wm H. Miller, Harris	1220 98
1872 D Harter, Marion	80 00
1873 John Ketner, Haines	478 24
J M Garbrick, Walker	483 99
1871 Joseph Shaffer, Walker	27 55
1873 Daniel Bartges, Gregg	600 00
1872 Danie Geary, Penn	6 00
1873 Albert Hoy, Ferguson	831 09
Joseph Stine, Patton	50 00
Henry Wolf, Miles (in full)	1061 00
E M Lucas, Unionville	75 00
1872 Thos Marshall Benner	51 00
1873 D B Malone, Boggs	100 00
1870 John Holter, Boggs	16 16
1872 Samuel Neese, Gregg	50 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } SS.
CENTRE COUNTY, }

We, the undersigned Auditors of Centre Co., do hereby certify that in pursuance of an Act of Assembly entitled "An act relating to Counties and Townships and County and Township Officers," we met at the Commissioners' Office, at Bellefonte on the 1st Monday of January, and did audit and settle and adjust the several accounts set forth in the foregoing statement. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seal this 7th day of January, A. D. 1874.

ROBERT F. HOLMES, [L. S.]
A. J. GREIST, [L. S.]
SAM'L GRAMLEY, [L. S.]
Auditors.

ATTEST:
W. J. KEALSH, Clerk to Auditors.

CENTRE COUNTY, SS.

We, the undersigned Commissioners of said County, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the receipts and expenditures of said County, from the 3d day of January, A. D. 1873, to the 5th day of January A. D., 1874

SAMUEL F. FOSTER,
AUSTIN C. HINTON,
SAMUEL GRAMLEY.

JAMES F. WEAVER, Treasurer, in account with Centre County.

1874.	DR.	
Jan. 1. To bal at last settlement.		
January 1, 1873	$ 3186 68	
To outstand'g taxes Jan. 1, '73	31739 83	
To taxes assessed for 1873	34228 60	
To notes not included in outstanding taxes	1200 00	
Received from County Commissioners and other sources	20887 81	
	$91,242 92	
Jan 1, To balance	$ 4.675 54	
1874	CR.	
Jan 1, By outstanding taxes	$ 34916 41	
By warrants paid Treasurer.	46628 17	
By exonerations and commission to collectors	3012 80	
By balance	4675 54	
	$91,242 92	

MILITIA ACCOUNT.

1874	DR.	
Jan 1 To outst'nd'g taxes Jan1'73	$ 1426 90	
To balance Jan 1, 1873	564 35	
	$1991 25	
1874	CR.	
Jan 1, By outst'nd'g taxes this date	595 18	
By warrants paid Treasurer	286 06	
To exonerations and commissions to collectors	425 82	
Transferred to County account	657 85	
Commissions to County Treasurer	14 99	
	$1961 25	

James F. Weaver, Treasurer, in account with the Commonwealth of Penn'a.

1874	DR.	
Jan 1. To balance Jan'1, 1873	$ 16 16	
To outstanding taxes	2693 66	
To taxes assessed for 1873	3557 47	
	$6,267 29	
1874	CR.	
Jan 1, By outstanding taxes at this date	$ 4129 55	
Paid to State Treas. per receipts	1638 42	
By exonerations and commissions to collectors	482 74	
By commissions to Treasurer	16 55	
	$6,267 29	

We, the Auditors of Centre county do certify that we have examined above accounts of Jas. F. Weaver, Treasurer of said County, and find them correct.

Witness our hands and seals this 7th day of January, A. D. 1874.

ROBERT F. HOLMES, [L. S.]
A. J. GREIST, [L. S.]
SAMUEL FRANK, [L. S.]
Auditors.

ATTEST:
W. J. KEALSH, Clerk to Auditors.

1873	DR.	
July 29, Rec'd of H. Y. Stitzer, late District Attorney	$ 15 60	
Received of John F Potter, District Attorney	175 00	
	$190 60	
1874		

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY MAR 5, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages, &c.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——It won't be long until the women and hens want to scratch in the garden.—*Tuten Republicans.*

They do it for the same reason that the Tuten's scratch their heads—they're after vermin.

——"As soon as we can make the necessary arrangements we propose to deliver a Lecture in every township in the county."—*Brown's Republican.*

To the above the people of the county may well exclaim, "Eli, eli, lama, sabachthani."

——Jacob Ort, formerly of this place, died at Bellefonte on Tuesday of last week, aged 102 years.

——Brown's paper says, "Centre Hall, at its election last week, presented five candidates for justice of the peace. This is a mistake, there were only two candidates—Keller and Shannon.

——GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—A magazine we always prize, not only for its choice literature, but enterprise in furnishing everything to make it welcome in a household, is upon our table for March.

——Haag, of Pleasant Gap, has put up a new building to be used as a distillery.

——Daniel Derr, of Bellefonte, is agent for Bartlett's Adjustable Spring Bed. The arrangement is a true luxury and any one having tried one, will never do without it. We have tried it. For durability, cleanliness and adjustment it cannot be excelled.

——Cyrus Sankey, formerly of Millheim, and who died at Hughesville, a short time ago, had his life insured for $10,000 for the benefit of his little daughter.

——Henry T. Harvey, of Lock Haven, is an applicant for U. S. District Attorney for the western district of Pennsylvania.

——Mr. Geo. O'Bryan has removed his furniture store to one of the large and fine rooms in the Conrad house, which is crammed with an assortment of furniture hard to excel. His stock is complete, and such as to enable him to furnish a house from first floor to garret. George is a fair dealing man, and purchasers will get bargains from him, as he sells at the least possible profit. He also keeps a supply of wool, husk and other mattresses, which all, who wish a comfortable bed would do well to go and see. Give Mr. O'Bryan a call.

——Mr. W. H. Kreep, writes us, Feb 26, from Ossian, Wells county, Indiana: What looks bad—it is frozen out of the ground. There was no sleighing here yet this winter.

——The Auditors of Potter give notice of township settlement in another column.

——In 1860 the population of Centre county was 27,000—by the census of 1870 it is 34,418, an increase of 7,418, or 27.48 per cent. This rate of increase will soon bring us up to 40,000, when, under the new Constitution, we would become a separate judicial district.

——Dr. Sahm will preach his farewell sermon at Aaronsburg, on the 15th inst.

——Maj. I. Stover, of Aaronsburg, informs us that he has shot 12 foxes this winter. Deer as well as foxes stand a poor chance for escape, when coming within range of the Major's rifle.

——John Horner, on Nittany mountain, killed 32 foxes this winter. Poor Raynard.

——The M. E. revival, which commenced some three weeks ago, in this place, is still going on.

——If you want the best seed potato, read Benj. Arney's advertisement. He has the finest lot, and best kind, we ever saw.

——Don't fail to read the advertisement and prices of the new Granger store, of Is. Grenoble, at Spring Mills. He sells at small profit for Cash at 30 days, or in exchange for produce. He intends introducing a new system of doing business, which will amount to a cash trade, hence offers as inducement to customers, his goods at reduced prices.

——The order of United Amer. Mechanics, of Millheim, intend building a new hall, and have already made contracts for the material. So says the Berichter.

——S. S. Wolf wishes the public to take notice that, in order to further reduce his stock, so as to make ready for a new supply of spring goods, he has made another reduction of from 5 to 10 per cent. on all dry goods—this, with his previous low figures, will make his present stock the cheapest in Centre county. Persons needing goods had better call at once, and satisfy themselves that this is a bona fide offer, and that firstrate bargains are to be had. Don't forget, a further reduction of from five to ten per cent. at the store of S. S. Wolf, Centre Hall.

——Gregg township farmers have determined to organize a grange, in a few days.

——Who will be the first to send us the solution and answer to the following:— A has 50 per cent. more goods than B, and B has 50 per cent. more than C. How much per cent. less has C than A? X.

——A gentleman has written to the editor of the REPORTER that he will soon be around to organize grangers. We suppose he expects a good fee for such work. Now if any one wants to know who he is, we'll tell for a "V." We don't know whether he's a bogus "deputy" or not neither do we care.

——The weather was very fine and spring-like the forepart of this week, but the roads are terribly muddy. On Tuesday night, rain and storm, Wednesday cloudy and cool.

——NEGLIGENCE.—A man drew a note promising to pay one hundred dollars. He used the printed form, and did not close up the blank devoted to dollars, and after passing it as negotiable paper somebody inserted "and fifty" after the one hundred and before the printed word dollars. The note, thus altered, got into the hands of an innocent party, who presented it to the drawer, and the Supreme Court decided that the maker of the note was liable for its face, because through negligence he did not draw a line between the written word "hundred" and the printed word "dollars." Any testimony that the drawer might offer to establish the fact that he gave the note for one hundred must go for nothing, as "there was nothing on the face of the note to show that it had been altered." Evidence of the alteration on the face of the note would have changed the case. Let this be a lesson to all drawers of promissory notes. No one can be too careful in such matters.

——Sale of O. P. Barick, Spring Mills, March 17, farm stock and household.

Henry Broon's sale, Harris twp., March 27.

——Jacob Dinges' sale, of farm stock, Centre Hall, March 14.

——Mr. John M. Miller's sale of personal property, at Spring Mills, March 21.

——Sale of real estate of Nich. Decher, March 7th.

George Jordan's sale, Potter twp, farm stock, March 24.

——Sale of personal property of Mrs. Johanna Kuntz, at Aaronsburg, Saturday, March 14th, 1 o'clock.

WANTED—AT CENTRE MILLS, 500 BUSHELS SHELLED CORN, for which FIFTY SIX CTS. per Bushel in CASH will be paid, by
10-4t J F. THRONE.

For the Reporter.

TROY, Ohio.

Farmers, look to your interests—look out for tree pedlers; the grangers have driven them out of the west, and now they are flocking to the east; they are the biggest swindlers out. All papers friendly to farmers please copy. JACOBUS.

For the Reporter.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio.

Mr. Kurtz.—I see a statement in the Reporter of Feb. 5, that the farmers club of Potter township has turned into a grange and there were some 20 initiated one afternoon as grangers. I can't see how they get along so fast in there, as there are four degrees in this state, and one degree is taken every time of meeting. The first degree is, you are to stand on your head two minutes. A man has to pay five dollars and a woman three. Yours truly,

CLARK COUNTY.

For the Reporter.

The question as to the existence of iron ore in the vicinity of Boalsburg, in paying quantities, is no longer one of doubt. Heretofore the evidence on the subject was insufficient to convince the many minds that were sceptically inclined. But now it has assumed a shape at once tangible and business like. The Stover Brothers have contracted with Howard Iron works to deliver 250 tons of their ore at Bellefonte at $5,25 per ton. This ore is of very fine quality, and the supply is believed to be almost inexhaustible. It will be a source of great profit to the proprietors, and of immense advantage to the community. The ore is raised on the South Western extremity of their farm, being distant only about 200 rods from the line of the L. C. & S. C. R.R. as located by way of Boalsburg and Pine Grove. Recent developments also in other localities, near said railroad route, give promise of rich reward to capital and enterprise properly directed. P.

For the Reporter.

The Harris twp., Farmer's Club met at Oak Hall school house, on Saturday, 21st Feb. On motion Sam'l Gilliland was appointed President, Pro tem. Committee reports a constitution which was read and adopted; subject for discussion, raising and care of different kind of stock, horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. Horses were touched lightly, as Decker's opinion was that they should not be fed too strong, when not working during the winter. J. S. Foster, C. Dale, F. Decker, J. H. Keller, Wm. Thompson, D. T. Weiland, T. Dale, George Dale, and others took part in the discussion; in the feeding of beef cattle, there did not appear much difference—all feeding two parts shelled corn, one part oats chopped and fed dry three times a day. Some fed hay, some cornfodder, some straw and watered once a day. Foster and Weiland were of opinion that there was more profit in raising lambs, than fat sheep. J. H. Keller stated that Henry Meyer, D T Weiland and himself purchased a lot of sheep last fall jointly, and divided the same, giving each 44 sheep at an average weight of 123 lbs. Weiland fed his two parts corn, one part oats whole, and hay—Meyer two parts corn, one part oats chopped, and fed dry same as to cattle, sheep run in corn stocks. Keller fed two parts corn, one part oats chopped and mixed with chaff and fed wet, same as chopfeed to horses and no other feed, with the following result: Weiland's sheep gained 19½ lbs., each—Keller's 22, and Meyer's 13. Neither Meyer nor Keller kept any account as to the quantity of food fed. Weiland fed 55 bushels shelled corn, 70 bushels oats and a ton of hay.

Adjourned to meet at Lemont school house, on second Saturday of March, 14th. Same subject to be continued.

JOS. BAKER, Sec'y.

"TOO THIN."

EDITOR REPORTER:—In your issue of Feb. 19th, I noticed a report of the Stoverville school, Miles township, the same being presided over by my jolly friend, and good teacher, John H. DeLong. He stated that he has 28 pupils enrolled, and that his average of attendance for the month was 28, and yet his percentage of attendance was *only* 98. The mistake may have been made by the compositor, and not by John, yet upon the whole, I am inclined to the belief, that he has put too much tension upon the truth; in fact, the whole report looks too d—long, and won't take worth a continental among normalites.

A NORMALITE.

——Our Loop Correspondent sends us the following:

BREVITIKS.—A certain good minister not far from here, a few evenings ago, advised two love-sick swains who were seated in the congregation, and leaning up to each other like sick kittens to a warm brick, to please do their courting at home. .....The warm weather has completely knocked the poetry out of sleighing..... Warm weather is coming, and the boys who are compelled to do their sparking over the yard fence, on account of the "old man," are growing exuberant..... Some one tells of a snake in mid-winter. That is nothing, we know a man who has had snakes in his boots, off and on, all winter.....Old croakers are already predicting a failure of crops for next summer. How wonderfully accurate these old chaps can prognosticate! almost as accurate as the Adventists, who have several times predicted the end of time, but, somehow, the fellows who are to run the machine on that occasion, never felt disposed to mix in, and so we have yet to see the end of the string of time.....The protracted meeting at Zion has at last closed, after a successful continuation of about six weeks .....What next?

MILLHEIM FRAGMENTS.

Mr. Editor, are you good on solving suppositions? If so, I would ask you how you would like it if your letters were taken out of the P. O. by others, opened, read and returned to you, with a "beg your pardon, it was handed to me in a mistake." Do you not think that under such circumstances a subscription should be circulated to raise funds for new specks for somebody? "And so you all say."

Vot a Bitty, namely, to have no native country, *i. e.* to have been born on the sea! Alas! poor Ben, you cannot say, even under the inspiration of a 4th of July celebration, "This is my own, my native land." And for that other reason, vot a bitty!

The Berichter man begins to look dilapidated. Half rations, no tobacco, boots unblacked and hair unkempt, all the result of a rash resolve—don't seem to agree with his fastidious tastes. Here, George, is our 25c. Our *thympasies* you have long since.

Now Gentlemen, don't let your "angry passions rise," just for, on account of, because for, a township election. It is for no use. Progress is progress anyhow, whether Dooty or Sawerbox is road master. We will all be satisfied in the end. Finally, it does a fellow good, to see how good old Sam feels since the election. More anon. UNCLE JOHN.

For the Reporter.

U. S. S. CONCERT.

The Manor and Earlystown Sunday-schools held another "union concert," at the former place, on Sunday last, and, if a crowded house is any criterion of the popularity of these concerts, then, surely, the one in question was a decided success. Rev. Crittenden, assisted by the Supt's. of the above schools, conducted the exercises The programme was as follows: The pupils of the former school, repeated in concert, the names of the twelve Apostles, together with the six divisions into which the Bible is divided,—a subject rather new, and not generally understood. The pupils of the latter school, repeated the "Parables," a task at once difficult, on account of the many arbitrary names to be remembered in their commitment. Both schools acquitted themselves very creditably, and showed a degree of proficiency seldom attained by those little ones, for whom these concerts are expressly gotten up. "Union concert:" that has the right ring in it; it does not smack of sectarianism, but all can meet there, and commingle with each other on the broad and catholic platform of social union. God speed the Sunday-school work! G

HOW THE PROSTRATE STATE IS RULED.

[Charleston News.]

That the people of the country may see for themselves what kind of men conduct the fortunes of South Carolina at this time, we make some extracts from the debate on the Salary Appropriation bill on Wednesday last, as reported in our Columbia correspondence. The Speakers were the leading members of the House of Representatives, and the question was whether the House Appropriation bill or the Senate bill should be passed:

Bowley, (the colored Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.) Every year the Senate has managed to get the House under their control, by holding the Salary Appropriation bill in their hands. As matters stand, the House rather has the Senate at a disadvantage, and I propose to keep them so.

Green (colored)—The members of the House are needy and can't go into a fight with the Senate, which is composed of men of means, and who could afford to fight it out on this line if it took all summer.

Humbert (colored)—I dispise such a wishy-washy way of doing things.

Smith (colored)—I want my money, and am ready to compromise with the Senate in order to get it at once.

Mackey—What is the cause of the wonderful change in the opinion of certain members? It can be readily understood, when it is remembered that the Senate bill provides for nearly $45,000 for incidental expenses. The bill is nothing more than a grand larceny schema.

After some further debate the House took up the appropriation for the penitentiary, which Mackey moved to reduce from $65,000 to $45,000. This led to a general indulgence in Billingsgate.

Minort (colored)—The proposed appropriation is not a whit too large.

Humbert (colored)—The institution ought to be self sustaining. The member only wants to grab at the money.

Hurley (coming to Minort's relief)—Mr. Speaker, I rise——

Humbert (to Hurley) You shet you mouf, sah. [Roars of laughter.]

Greene (colored) that thief from Darlington. (A delicate allusion to Humbert.)

Humbert—If I have robed anything I expect to be Kukluxed by just such highway robbers as the member (Green) from Beaufort. If I get in the penitentiary I won't ask for $65,000 to support me.

Green (to Hurley)—You know as much about it as you do of the Governor's contingent fund.

Hurley—At least no one has been able or ever attempted to refute any charges against the Governor, and his Excellency will not dare deny them.

Green (colored)—No! But if the Governor were not such a coward he would have cowhided you before this or got somebody else to do it.

Hurley—If the gentleman from Beaufort (Greene) would allow the weapon named to be sliced from his cuticle, I might submit to the castigation.

On Thursday, Greene, who had probably seen his Excellency in the interval, proceeded to explain that he did not mean to say that Moses was a coward, thus:

Green (rising to a question of privilege)—It was not the Governor to whom I referred, but his aids. What I said was, that if the Governor's aids were not cowards they would have cowhided Hurley, and if I were a member of the Governor's staff I would have done it before this.

Hurley (rising to counter-question of previlege)—Nobody on the Governor's staff, nobody he could put on there, not the doughty gentleman from Beaufort nor the valiant Governor himself, dare to undertake to cowhide me.

This is the usual style in which the business of law making and money grabbing is conducted in the South Carolina Legislature. The Radical members call each other thieves, liars, and rascals without any provocation, and do not appear to have any idea that they are insulting anybody or that they are not telling the Gospel truth. Roars of laughter on the part of the House and an increased consumption of pea-nuts follow these outpourings of fish-fag rhetoric; but for the honest citizens of the State the farce threatens to have a tragic ending.

PARDONS.

The Board of Pardons under the new Constitution has made the following regulations:

1st. The board shall be furnished with proof that notice of application for pardon has been published once a week, for two consecutive weeks, in a newspaper printed in the county or city in which conviction was had.

2nd. That notice of the application shall have been given to the judge who tried the cause and to the district attorney who prosecuted.

3rd. All applications for pardons must be accompanied with the following papers, written in a clear and distinct hand:

1. A certified copy of the whole record, including docket entries, minutes of the court, copy of indictment, pleas, and all other papers on file in the court relating to the case.

2. A full statement of the reasons upon which the application is based, setting forth all the facts; the notes of evidence taken on the trial; letters from responsible persons in the community where the crime was committed.

4th. No application will be considered if presented to any individual member of the board.

5th. All applications and correspondence must be addressed to or filed with the recorder of the board, at Harrisburg, so that the same may be prepared for presentation to the board at its next session; and no application unless the same, and papers upon which based, have been filed at least five days before said session.

6th. The foregoing rules will be strictly enforced, and relaxed only when good reasons shall be furnished for so doing

M. S. QUAY,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.
SAMUEL E. DIMMICK,
Attorney General.
By order of the Board.
A. WILSON NORRIS, Recorder.

A special dispatch to the London *Time* from Calcutta says 280,000 persons are distressed from want of food in the districts of Tirhoot and Boglipoor, Presidency of Bengal. The same despatch says it is estimated that, but for the aid furnished by the government, 500,000 persons would have perished.

——In Butler county, recently, a young man who had "courted" to a late hour, after the girl's father had told his daughter that she must never sit up later than ten o'clock, discovered, as he was leaving the house, that the old man's barn had been fired by an incendiary. He succeded in extinguishing the flames with little or no loss. And now the natural inference would be that the owner of the barn would invite that young man to sit up with his daughter until a late hour every night to guard against a renewal of the incendiary attempt. But he didn't. On the contrary he accused his daughter's lover of setting fire to his barn, and supplemented his remarks with a warning that if he came fooling around his Maria any more he would break his neck. The disconsolate lover says man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

MEXICAN BARBARITIES.

FIGHT BETWEEN RIVAL TOWNSMEN.

Indiscriminate Slaughter of Children.

HORRIBLE MUTILATION OF WOMEN.

City of Mexico, February 15.—A terrible affair is reported in the state of Vera Cura. A quarrel between the townsmen of Quimixtlan and Huaxalecan resulted in a fight in which seventeen persons were killed. It is reported that the infuriated Huaxalecans afterwards went to Quimixtlan and began an indiscriminate massacre, killing children and cutting off the breasts of women. The neighboring town of Chalchicomula has sent a detatchment to the scene to put a stop to the atrocities.

The Police have arrested forty-seven bandits, who were implicated in the kidnapping of Senior Silvatierra. A large ransom, demanded for the prisoner, was not forthcoming and the unfortunate man was murdered.

The English capitalists refuse funds for the recently organized railway construction company.

The insurrection in Yucatan continues. The remainder of the republic is tranquil.

THREE HUNDRED MEN ON FLOATINGICE, FEARS FOR THEIR SAFETY.

Detroit, February 23.—A heavy wind to-day has driven the ice from the mouth of the Saginaw river into the bay. It is reported that about three hundred fishermen are on floating ice, and at last accounts they were five miles from land. Great fears are entertained that the ice will break up before a man can be rescued, and that fearful disaster will be the result.

THE LAST OF THE SWAMP ANGELS.

Stephen Lowery, the only Survivor of the Notorious Robeson county outlaws, killed.

Wilmington, N. C. Feb. 23—The Star has just received the following special from Laurenburg: Steve Lowery, the last survivor of the notorious band of Robeson county outlaws, was instantly killed in the upper part of Robeson county by three citizens, named Patterson, Sutton, and Holcomb. He was tuning his banjo, preparatory to playing for some wagoners, when three shots were fired at him, taking effect in his head and killing him instantly His body is now at Lamberton, the county seat of Robeson.

One by one the band of Robeson county outlaws, the famous swamp angels of Carolina, organized with the war of the rebellion, have dwindled down until there is not one left of the entire formidable gang. Two years ago this band of daring outlaws and murderers ruled the Dismal Swamp region of Scuffletown, N. C., and consisted of five persons. These were Henry Berry Lowery, the leader; "Boss" Strong, Andrew Strong, Steve Lowery, and Tom Lowery. From the visits of newspaper correspondents to the terrorized neighborhood, one of whom penetrated the swamp and met the bandits themselves, the thrilling story of their long fight with the peculiar civilization around them was given to the world. Large rewards have long been offered for their bodies, dead or alive. As a proof of their complete desperation it may be noted that Henry Berry Lowery was killed by the bursting of a shotgun. "Boss" Strong was shot in his cabin through a "cathole" by a man named McLaughlin. Neither of the bodies was recovered. Tom Lowery was shot about fifteen months ago by a relative of one of the victims of the gang, and a few weeks later, Andrew Strong was killed by a young man named William Wilson. And now Steve Lowery has met the same violent death. With him ends a band of desperadoes whose names will long be remembered in North Carolina.

THE INDIAN FAMINE—TERRIBLE DISTRESS.

London, Feb. 24.—A correspondent of the London News, in a letter to that paper descriptive of the Indian famine, says: "The scarcity spreads over a wide track along the foot of the Himalayas boundaries of Nepaul, stretching from Oude to near Darjeeling, remote districts removed from the railroads and other means of communication and difficult of approach. Lord Northbrook informs me that the most serious distress is threatened in fifteen districts in addition to the Texas, comprising a total population of 26,000,000.

"This is not all. Twelve other districts, with 14,000,000 people, are threatened, and are described as almost entirely without roads and water. The coolies and laborers feel the pinch most, owing to the total suspension of work in the rice fields. The government contemplated, prior to the outbreak of distress, certain public works. First, irrigating canals; secondly, the Northern Bengal railroad; and lastly, the embankment of the Gunduck river. In the first named 32,000 laborers have been employed. Their wages were paid, and money exchanged for food at the adjacent government store. Lord Northbrook says the government has arranged for sufficient food till May, with large reserves to meet any contingency.

"The calculations are based on former famines, but it seems doubtful whether they will prove adequate, owing to the fact that in previous famines large numbers died without asking for relief. The district at present is more remote, and transportion is growing difficult for want of food for the cattle." The correspondent concludes as follows: "From what I have seen since my arrival in India I believe: First, that neither the government or people can tell the precise actual position, nor prognosticate the future. Secondly, the government is most fully alive in its responsibility, and measures have been taken to fully cope with the difficulties. Thirdly the absence of railroads in the remote districts is mostly dreaded, as the government is thus without means for the avoidance of grave obstacles."

THE WICHITA TRAGEDY.

Confession of the Murderer.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 24.—M'Nutt, who, with Winner, murdered and burned a painter named Saviers, at Wichita, Kansas, in December last, has confessed his crime. He says Winner persuaded him long ago, in Kansas City, to enter upon a course of crime, and planned the whole affair.

M'Nutt was to have his life insured for five thousand dollars, and then kill and burn some victim and palm off the body for his, so that the money could be collected. At first they intended to commit the crime in Kansas City, but finally concluded to go to Wichita, thinking their escape would be easier there. Being painters, the men started business and soon built up a fine trade.

They were delayed, however, from carrying out their plans for want of a victim, but Winner at last came to Kansas City and engaged Saviers to work for them, and sent him down. They met him at the depot on his arrival at Wichita, and took him to the shop, no one knowing anything about it. They made him drunk, and then gave him ether until unconscious. They then put his face over the fire and burned it until it could not be recognized, and laid him on a bed saturated with coal oil.

M'Nutt then cut a gash in Winner's arms with a pair of scissors, and opening a vein in Savior's arm, took out a quart of blood and sprinkled it over Winner to make it appear that he had bled a good deal. M'Nutt then left his vest and empty pocket book back of the house, where it would appear that robbers had dropped it, and took a train via Atchison, for Missouri. Winner then set fire to the building, which was burned, and reported that he had been robbed and M'Nutt killed and burned.

AUTOPSY OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Philadelphia, February 25.—The second edition of the Medical Times states that the autopsy of the Siamese Twins was continued on Friday last, resulting in some interesting disclosures. The commission found that the two livers, which were supposed to be joined only by blood vessels, were really one body, the parenchy matous tissue being continuous between them, so that when they were removed from the bodies and placed on the table they formed one mass. The so-called tract of portal continuity is therefore liver tissue. It will be remembered that Chang was said to be possessed of one more pouch than Eng. When the liver was removed, however, an upper hepatic pouch was found also, proceeding from Eng, so that the band contained four pouches of peritoneum besides the liver tissue. These disclosures show that any attempt during life to separate the twins would in all probability have proved fatal.

COOMASSIE CAPTURED.

The British Troops Enter the Ashantee Capitol.

London, February 26.—The despatches received yesterday reporting a reverse to the Ashantee expedition caused great excitement. The grave fears which were entertained for the safety of General Sir Garnet Wolseley's army have, however, been dispelled by the receipt to-day of the following despatch, which was immediately furnished to the papers, and published at noon, in extras:

Coomassie, February 5.—We reached here yesterday after five days hard fighting.

The troops behaved admirably.

Our casualities are under 300.

The King has left the town, but is close by. He promises to visit me to-day and sign a treaty of peace.

We hope to start on our return to the coast to morrow. The wounded are recovering, and the health of the remainder of the army is good.

(Signed) WOLSELEY.

A CRAZY BOY'S FREAK.

Swaying Sixteen Hours on a Frail Limb in a Tree Top—Slowly Freezing to Death—Efforts at Rescue—The successful Ruse.

[From the Oil City Derrick.]

The usual quiet neighborhood of Decker's Run, a settlement four or five miles back from Cochranton, last week proved the scene of an exciting occurrence which created a deep sensation throughout the district. About nine o'clock on Saturday morning a young boy of sixteen years named Hallebaugh, who had for some time previous exhibited symptoms of insanity, suddenly conceived the idea that his friends intended to kill him, and rushed from the house toward a brush at a little distance. His grandfather and uncle vainly pursued the poor fellow. He reached the woods, and with the energy of frenzied despair began climbing a large poplar tree. In a few moments he reached the topmost branches, where he looked down from the dizzy height of seventy feet upon his baffled pursuers. The weather was bitterly cold; the fugitive had neither coat nor mittens, his clothing being rather scanty at best. How to extricate him from his perilous situation quickly became a perplexing question.

At length his relatives determined to make an effort to bring the demented youth safely to the ground, and a couple of men ascended the tree for that purpose. But the frightened boy frustrated this scheme by climbing still higher and crawling out almost to the end of a frail-looking limb, that swayed and bent under its unaccustomed burden. From this dangerous elevation he defied all further attempts at affecting a rescue, threatening to throw himself headlong upon the earth if not let alone. By this time many of the neighbors had gathered; however, none could suggest any plan of relief that might hope for a successful issue.

Hours passed away without changing the scene or terminating the organizing suspense of the assembled scores. His cost was taken up the tree and left as near the unfortunate boy as possible. He finally decended far enough to clutch the garment, put it on, and again resumed his position on the fragile branch. To the horrified spectators it seemed as if the limb must break every instant, in which case they shuddered to think of the fatal consequences. The moments appeared like hours in the duration, while the reckless movements of the cause of all this anxiety continually intensified the fear of a terrible fall, a mingled corpse, and a stricken household. A human life hung by a slender twig, liable to snap without the slightest warning.

It became painfully evident the boy would perish from cold if not extricated, and as the last alternative it was decided to fell the tree. Stout ropes were fastened high up to let it come down slowly, willing hands took firm hold, and the saw was briskly plied. The monarch of the forest succumbed at length, amid the wildest demonstrations of insane delight from the dazed occupant. The next minute was pregnant with supreme interest as the tree gradually inclined from the perpendicular and its top started toward the solid earth. In spite of the exertions of the men holding the ropes it struck against a huge maple, but ere the collision took place the boy gave one frantic yell, sprang upon a limb of the maple, ran to the trunk with the speed and agillity of a squirrel, and in a few brief seconds had climbed higher than before. Here was an unlooked-for circumstance, night was near at hand, and hope almost died out in each bosom.

The moon rose clear and bright and beautiful, the air was crisp and the night bitterly sharp. Midnight came on apace, and still the distracted youth remained among the highest branches of the leafless tree. Vainly the crowd implored him to come down and receive food and shelter. He continued deaf to the entreaty, laughing with all the glee of a maniac at their earnest appeals. A happy thought eventually loomed up, which no time was lost in putting into practice. The throng dispersed with the exception of a small number of men who secreted themselves behind trees and logs to be in readiness for whatever emergency might demand their assistance. Then a young playmate of the crazy boy, to whom he had always been much attached, stood at the foot of the tree, presenting dishes of food, and begged him to come down and get something to eat. This measure finally succeeded; the boy yielded to the temptation, and in a little while once more stood upon the ground, some of the men quietly stepped from their concealment, secured and carried him home. The poor fellow's hands and face and feet were badly frozen as the result of his fearful exposure for over fifteen hours during the rigors of the coldest day and night of the season. The joy of the friends denouement may be imagined. Every attention was paid the poor sufferer that affection could devise, and he is progressing favorably, though his intellect is yet as clouded as before he underwent the dreadful experience of the eventful Saturday, which none who participated in the exciting scene will be likely for man years to forget

WOMEN'S WAR ON WHISKEY.

The Crusaders in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Feb. 28.—Demonstrations by temperance crusaders were made here to-day, but the women were not admitted to any saloons, and the police have been instructed to keep the sidewalks clear. The saloons visited yesterday were in full blast to day, but the women held a meeting in a house in the vicinity, and attracting a crowd by singing and praying the saloons were soon closed.

Cleveland, Feb. 28.—The temperance war has been started at Oberlin, Akron, Warren and other towns in northern Ohio, but as yet has made but slight progress.

Serious Threats Made by Liquor Dealers.

Ripley, Feb. 28.—The crusaders spent the day at Levana, two miles below here. One saloon located there, and one at Hillsboro Pike still hold out. The Levana dealer locked them out, and with the aid of a few German neighbors kept up songs and carousal indoors. Property-holders have been notified that their houses will be fired if the crusaders continue work at Levana.

A Prosecutor Surrenders.

Cincinnatti, Feb. 28.—Brandesberg, a liquor dealer at Oxford, Ohio, who has a petition pending to enjoin women from praying in front of his saloon surrendered to-day, poured out his liquor and signed the pledge. Bells were rung and great rejoicing ensued.

All Saloons ordered to be Closed.

Judge Barlow, of Springfield, to-day ordered the Sheriff to close the saloons of Lagonda and Murray hotels as nuisances till the proprietors give bonds not to sell spirituous liquors. At Lebanon, as the ladies of Marrow filed into the court house to the hearing of the injunction against them, all bells in the town were rung.

Chicago, February 28.—This afternoon a number of ladies went to the saloon under the Gault House on West Madison street, and after informing the proprietor of their purpose knelt down and offered several fervent prayers and afterwards sung a number of hymns. No indignity was offered them and they proceeded to the saloon on the corner of Lake and Halsted streets, where a similar programme was gone through with. Beyond attracting considerable crowds, idle men and boys, there was no perceptible effect produced by the demonstration which appears to have been rather an impromptu affair.

Jeffersonville, Ind., February 28.—The women's determined and persistent war upon the saloon keepers of this city continues. Every day they are but re-visiting them, singing hymns, praying and pleading with them to abandon the business. Two weeks have passed since their warfare began, and yet not one saloon has been closed. The ladies, however, believe they are arousing a moral sentiment that will reap a rich reward before long.

San Francisco, February 28.—The women of this city connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, have resolved to inaugurate a praying crusade, and will open the campaign at the Chamberlain saloon, on California street, the place of resort for stock brokers.

SERIOUS MARINE DISASTER—EIGHTEEN LIVES LOST.

London, March 2.—The bark Grace Darling went ashore on the Scottish coast, near Aberdeen, during the late gales, and became a wreck. The crew took to the rigging, but fifteen of them were washed off and drowned before help could be sent.

Four men belonging to the life-saving station, who went to the rescue of the wrecked men, also lost their lives by swamping their boat.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA—1,000,000 PEOPLE STARVING.

Dispatches have been received at the Indian office from the lieutenant governor of Bengal, giving the most alarming report of the condition of the people in that presidency. He says fully 1,000,000 persons are starving to death in the districts affected by famine, and that all the poorer classes are beginning to feel the want of food.

A BLOODY ENGAGEMENT.

Bayonne, March 2.—Five thousand republicans, who were encamped near the village of Somorostro, fifteen miles northwest of Bilboa, were surprised by the Carlists and a bloody engagement took place, in which 1,000 of the former were killed. The remainder took to flight and were closely pursued by the royalists. All of them were either captured or drowned in an attempt to cross the river in the way of their return.

A MINISTER IN DEFENCE OF DUELING.

A short time ago a duel took place at Rastatt between two lieutenants belonging to the regiment in garrison at the fortress. One of them, Lieutenant Meyer, was shot through the head and died on the spot. He was burried with all military honors, three generals, all the officers of the garrison, and a large concourse of people being present. The chaplain of the division, Dr. Bauer, preached the funeral sermon, in which, according to the *Badishe Landeszeitung*, he said, among other things, "that honor was also by Christianity declared to be a high and valuable good, that its defence was often absolutely commanded by the manners and customs of the time, and of certain social positions." The *Badish Landeszeitung* remarks to this: "A defence of the duel, an act made penal by law, on the part of a clergyman, and on these ground, has never been heard of before."

STILL FIGHTING IN ACHEEN.

The Hague, Feb. 23.—In their last fight the Dutch troops in Acheen captured an important fort, killing two hundred of the defenders. The loss of the expedition was only six killed and fifty-six wounded.

AN HONEST MAN.

Mr. Peter A. Dey was the engineer who surveyed and located the first hundred miles of the road. He estimated its cost at not over thirty thousand dollars a mile. When this estimate was shown to the Directors, it was returned to him with orders to re-touch it with higher colors, to put in embankments on paper where none existed on earth, to make the old embankments heavier, and to increase the expense generally; and then he was requested to send in his estimate that it would cost fifty thousand a mile. When Mr. Dey found that this part of the road was to be let to Hoxie at $50,000 per mile, for work which he knew could be done for $30,000,—this difference of $20,000 a mile, amounting to two millions of dollars on the first hundred miles, and to five millions on the two hundred and forty-six miles,—he resigned his position as chief engineer, with a noble letter to John A. Dix, president of the road. He closed that letter with this statement:—"My views of the Pacific Road are, perhaps, peculiar. I look upon its managers as trustees of the bounty of Congress. * * * You are, doubtless, informed how disproportioned the amount to be paid is to the work contracted for. I need not expatiate on the sincerity of my course, when you reflect upon the fact that I have resigned the best position in my profession this country has offered to any man!"—"*The Credit Mobilier*;" *Scribner's for March.*

HOW THE BULLFINCH IS TAUGHT TO SING.

Boys and girls are not the only little folks who attend singing classes, as you shall know when you hear about the piping bullfinch.

In shape and size this bullfinch is somewhat like the sparrows in our city parks, but he has a very different head. The sparrow, you know, has a trim, quick little pate of his own. Not so the bullfinch. *His* is a clumsy affair—in fact, he has a sort of "bull" head and neck; so, you see, he is well named. Besides, his body is nearly as black as a coal, and his throat is as red as if the coal were on fire. He is not naturally a singer, nor is he half so clever as our American mocking-bird. In fact, he seems rather stupid, but he is willing to learn; and so it happens that if you persevere long enough you can teach him to sing a tune.

The country people of Germany have found this out. There the peasants take great delight in training bullfinches. Their pupils, not being very bright, as I said before, are stupidly hopping about their cages, when suddenly they hear a tune played upon a violin. They prick up their ears,—or would do so if they could,—and begin to listen, quite unconscious that that very same violin has been playing that very same tune for about a week without their noticing it. But it is something to catch their attention. Day after day, for months, the patient teacher goes over and over the same tune to the listening birds until human listeners begin to wonder which will get crazy first, the bullfinch or the player. But by and by the birds begin to pick up the air, piping the simple parts at first, and taking up note after note until, at last, they know the whole thing by heart. Sometimes a rustic father spends half his time all winter teaching one little patient bird, and the children look on with the greatest interest. Or a boy will undertake the task, and when he at last succeeds, finds his sisters look upon him as the most wonderful fellow in the world; and they cry in real earnest when the wonderful boy carries his pupil to town to be sold; for sold these bullfinches are sure to be as soon as they are taught, or else exhibited by their owners as street singers. Sometimes bird-teachers are known far and wide for their skill and success; and at Freiburg, in Baden, and small villages on the outskirts of the Black Forest, bullfinch-training is practiced as a regular business. In such cases a small hurdy-gurdy, or "bird organ" is used, as being less difficult and tiresome than the violin; and, instead of training one bird, they teach the same tune to a class of ten or a dozen.

Generally, the birds are sent to London or Paris, where, if they have learned their lessons tho' ougly, they are bought by rich folk, put into beautiful cages and treated as pets, whilst other bullfinches, having trifled away their school-days and only half learned their tune, live a vagrant life around the markets, belonging to nobody, and picking up their dinner as best they can.—*R. E. Hale, in St. Nicholas for March.*

There has been a rumor that the Duc, d'Aumale, the most energetic and ambitious of the Orleans princes, was to be made commander-in-chief of the Army of Paris. This which would resemble the putting of the wolf in charge of the sheep-fold is now denied; but it is declared, for certain, that he is to be placed at the head of the general staff, which is to be reorganized on the model of the Prussian general staff. The personal unpopularity of the Orleans princes, and particularly of D'Aumale, is very great, and has lately been much increased by their grasping procedure, in various instances, as regards money and property. The Parisians, who profit by royal prodigality, have a contempt for royal covetousness or meanness.

A Murderer Hanged.

Chicago, Feb. 27.—Christ. Rafferty convicted of murdering Policeman Omsera in this city about two years ago, was hanged in the jail at Waukegan, Ill. He died without a struggle.

——A subscription paper is circulated to raise funds to purchase a bell for the Ev. church, in Centre Hall.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday Feb. 25th, at Oak Hall, by Rev. Robert Hamill D. D., Mr. John J. Osman to Miss Laura E. Leighty, all of Harris twp.

On Feb. 26th, by the Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Frederick Kaup of Oak Hall and Miss Sarah S. Rudy of Houserville.

On the 28th of Jan., at the residence of Mr. William Crapo, by Rev

Farm, Garden and Household.

Hints about Work.

Petroleum is very cheap. We wish we could induce every reader to get a barrel and use it freely for preserving implements, machines, etc. In cold weather it is better to warm it before using, as wood will absorb much more of it.

Examine every implement and machine you have; clean it; oil the bolts and tighten the nuts, and put it in perfect order. Then wash it with petroleum. Go over it two or three times, and get on as much as the wood will absorb.

Get out stone-boat and other planks. Repair old stone-boats and make new ones. Saturate them with petroleum. A farmer should find a stone-boat for every team useful. For ordinary use two-inch plank is thick enough; but for large stones better have them 2½ or 3 inches thick.

Mend bags, mark them, number them, and put them in their proper place. A piece of board say three feet long and six inches wide nailed on to one of the beams in the barn makes a convenient support for bags—and for many other things, such as pails, baskets, etc.

A good farmer can not enjoy his evenings or sleep well at night until he knows that all his animals are comfortable and everything is in its proper place.

An hour's work at night in the winter season will often save two hours' work in the morning when everything is frozen up solid or is covered with snow.

Make the house warm and comfortable; provide proper ventilation, and make the doors and windows air-tight.

Horses that are working regularly need extra feed in cold weather. There is nothing better than chaffed hay and corn-meal.

Horses that are driven fast should have oats instead of corn-meal.

Farm horses that are doing little or nothing can be well wintered on chaffed straw with a little corn-meal and bran, say two bushels chaff (16 lbs.), 4 pounds bran, and 4 pounds corn-meal each per day.

Cows are healthier in a deep, open shed than in a close, ill-ventilated stable. But a stable is much more economical of space, and it can be kept warm, clean, and well ventilated; and when this is the case the cows will require less food, or if they eat as much food will either give more milk or store up fat.

Liberal feeding is usually the most economical feeding. It is a great waste of digestive powers to so feed a cow that she neither gives milk nor increases in weight; it is a still greater waste to so feed her that she must consume more or less of the fat and flesh previously stored up in the system. This is what happens when an animal weighs less in the spring than in the fall.

Cows that are well fed and kept in a barn stable should be carded with a curry-comb two or three times a week. It will pay in looks and in milk.—*Agriculturist.*

Stop That.

A farmer's wife in the New York *Tribune* says: One-half the world doesn't see how the other half lives, and a recent commentator adds, doesn't care. It seems incredible that the practices our correspondent urges shall be discontinued can exist, but we give the "farmer's wife" a hearing.

Stop putting lard into your butter; if we must eat hog's fat, pray give it to us pure and not mixed with rancid butter.

Girl, stop dipping your fingers in the bucket of milk and wetting the cow's teats; of all dirty habits this is the worst.

Wives, stop setting your cream jar in the family living room to make the cream sour.

Husbands, stop hanging your socks on that same cream jar to dry over night.

Women, stop putting your butter in the back bedroom to stay till you are ready to go to market.

Ladies, stop holding your noses when you go into your cellars to attend to your milk. You might as well smell the rat and the mold as to eat it daily in your butter and cream.

Women, stop telling fibs when you take your butter to the store. Did anybody ever know a woman to sell butter over a week old? Stop coloring your butter with anatto, and then asking folks if they can't taste the blue grass in it. If you will stop all these things the next time I write I shall tell you something pretty.

Mice in Orchards.

The Germantown *Telegraph* commends the following way of preventing the ravages of mice among the young trees in the orchard: There was a great deal said last spring of the injury done to young apple trees during last winter by mice, and the only remedy that we have yet seen suggested is to stamp snow firmly around the trees. This is, however, not believed to be a remedy at all, and we doubt if it is of much advantage. But our method is a "remedy," and we have tried to impress the fact upon our contemporaries for the past twenty years. It is simply to bandage up the stems of the trees with any cotton or woolen cloths, if old muslin with two or three wrappings letting the bandage go into the ground an inch or two, and six or eight inches above the ground, and tie up. This should be renewed every autumn, if necessary, until the trees are large enough not to be injured. This method will keep out the borer also, as we have stated on several occasions, and mention in another place. Rabbits can gnaw, when the stems are small enough, two feet from the ground, and would require the bandage to be much higher. Tarring would help as a protection, but we have known in many cases the bandage to be all-sufficient.

My Corn Crop for 1873.

I herewith give the details relating to my last season's corn crop, says a *Rural New Yorker* correspondent, it being the most profitable of any one grown on my farm. Size of field, 5 acres. Cost of plowing, $10; harrowing, $4; marking, $2; planting, $5; cultivating, $8; hoeing but once, $7.50; seed, $1.25; cutting, $5; husking, $37.60; hauling, $10; valuing the land at $200 per acre, interest, $70—making the entire cost of production, $160.35.

We harvested 752 baskets of sowed corn, or 400 bushels of shelled corn, which will sell to-day at 80 cents per bushel, or $320; 1,500 bundles stalks, $75; gross returns, $395; net profit, $234.65.

The soil is gravelly loam (pine land), also beach and maple on same (originally heavily timbered.) The same field has been under the plow for over thirty years; produced 30 bushels of wheat per acre the previous year. The soil has been quite well fed with clover and about once in three years has had a liberal dressing with barn-yard manure. The corn was planted June 2d; the seed was eight-rowed "red blaze." The plow was set to run 11 inches. I believe corn should not be planted in this climate before June 1.

Night Soil.

Night soil is a valuable and exceedingly powerful manure, richer in nitrogen than horse or cow dung. It should be deodorized before using, by sulphate of iron or powdered charcoal. The use of charcoal for deodorizing night soil is attended with peculiar advantages, as it is of itself, from causes not entirely ascertained, one of the best auxiliary manures known to agriculture. Wherever charcoal is present to a considerable amount in the soil, there grapes and all kinds of fruits flourish luxuriantly and mildew is unknown. Charcoal and gypsum are the best deodorizers of night soil, as they both fix the ammonia. Lime should never be used with night soil, nor indeed in the composting of any animal excrements, as it drives off the ammonia. As before stated, plants take up their food in the liquid and gaseous condition, which of itself shows conclusively that the urine of all animals should be given to the soil.—*Canada Farmer.*

Little Miss Meddlesome.

Little Miss Meddlesome, scattering crumbs,
Into the library noisily comes—
Twirls off her apron, tilts open some books,
And into the work-basket, rummaging, looks.

Out go the spools, spinning over the floor;
Beeswax and needle-case stepped out before;
She tosses the tape-rule, and plays with the floss,
And says to herself, "Now, won't mamma be cross?"

Little Miss Meddlesome climbs to the shelf,
Since no one is looking, and, mischievous elf,
Pulls down the fine vases, the cuckoo clock stops,
And sprinkles the carpet with damaging drops.

She turns over the ottoman, frightens the bird,
And sees that the chairs in a medley are stirred;
Then creeps on the sofa, and all in a heap,
Drops out of her frolicsome mischief asleep.

But here comes the nurse, who is shaking her head,
And frowns at the mischief asleep on the bed;
But let's hope when Miss Meddlesome's slumber is o'er,
She may wake from good dreams and do mischief no more.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

"Money is a great trial," said the widow Peckington, impressively. "I declare I did not know what care meant before brother Gabriel died and left me all the money."

"Well, cousin Clarissa," observed George Merrilton, who was assiduously engaged in entangling the widows work to the very best or the very worst of his ability, "in case you find yourself unequal to the strain, all you have to do is to leave me the five thousand dollars."

"The first thing in the morning," went on Mrs. Peckington, unheeding Mr. Merilton's modest hint, "and the last at night, I'm thinking about it. First I put it in Deacon Eliah Horton's bank, and then I draw it out again—banks aren't noways safe nowadays. And then I buried it in the east cellar, close to the apple bin, and there came the deluging rain, and I knowed the cellar would be three inches deep in water. So up it come again, and then I could not rest in my bed for fear of fire. So I got it changed into gold, and I guess its safe enough."

"In the bottom of your big red chest?" mischievously hazarded George.

"No matter where, sir," said the widow, nodding her head.

"O, but you might tell us," persisted Merrilton. "We are all your own folks, Cora and I."

Cora Dallas sat stitching quietly in the corner—the pretty orphan whom good Mrs. Peckington had taken out of the orphan asylum "to bring up" five years before.

"I don't expect to leave you nothing," Mrs. Peckington had said, "for I've relations of my own, but I'll give you a good deestrick school education, and a decent bringing up, and a good chance to do for yourself."

And Cora has accepted the good dame's offer with meek gratitude.

She had grown very pretty in the last few years, this solitary child of nobody. Dark-eyed, with hair full of deep chestnut golden shadows, a peach-blossom skin, where the rosy blood glowed brightly through on the slightest provocation, and a mouth like Hebe's, it seemed as if nature had made a solemn compact with herself to atone for all social slights that might be cast across Cora Dalla's path.

"Well," said Mrs. Peckington, seriously, "I don't mind telling you, but mind you don't repeat it—the bag's hung half-way up the chimney, on an iron hook."

"But suppose the chimney should take fire," said Merrilton.

"It won't. I keep it well swept, and besides, if it should, it takes a pretty good heat to melt gold."

"Upon my word, cousin Clarissa," said Merrilton, "you are a second Machiavelli."

"Who in pity sake's was he?" asked Mrs. Peckington. "There's neighbor Simkins at the door—jump and let him in, Cora, for it's beginning to snow like all possessed."

And neighbor Simkins came in—a broad-faced, jovial agriculturist, who lived on the next farm, and was suspected of matrimonial designs on the heart of widow Peckington.

"Set by, Mr. Simkins," said the widow, hospitably, putting another moss-fringed log on the fire; "seems like we're going to have another spell of weather."

And while the widow and her middle-aged lover discussed the weather, George took occasion to help Cora get down half a bushel of red apples from the garret, and was unnecessarily long about it, too.

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself, George Merrilton," said Cora, dimpling and blushing, and trying to look very angry, in which she succeeked but indifferently.

"What for?" audaciously demanded George. "One doesn't get behind the garret door with a pretty girl every day in the year.

"What would Mrs. Peckington say?"

"I dare say she's doing the very same thing herself down stairs with Jehorum Simkins."

And Cora burst out laughing at the preposterous idea, just as the widow came in to bustle around after quince jelly and apple butter, and to tell Cora to mix up a batch of muffins, for neighbor Simkins was going to stay to tea.

And then Mr. Simkins took his leave with a roguish twinkle of his eye towards the young people, and Mrs. Peckington went over to spend the evening with Mrs. Dottleford, her pet crony, and Cora sat all alone in the fire-light, sewing and sighing and thinking. For George Merrilton had gone home early to secure Mr. Simkins' companionship a part of the way through the lonely roads which already were becoming veiled in snow.

The tall old-fashioned clock in the angle of the old-fashioned kitchen chimney had just struck midnight, when Cora Dallas was roused from her sleep by a sheeted form at the foot of her bed—tall and narrow, clad in white—but no ghost nevertheless, but Mrs. Peckington's self.

"What's the matter?" cried Cora, breathlessly.

"My money!" gasped the widow, waving her hand tragically in the air.

"But what of it?"

"It's stolen!"

"Are you sure?" eagerly demanded Cora.

"As sure as I am that you're staring at me now. I felt up chimney for it the last thing afore I got ready to go to bed, and—it was gone."

In vain proved all search. Neither up chimney, nor down cellar, nor in any imaginable or unimaginable corner was the bag of gold pieces to be found.

Mrs. Peckington," said Cora, huskily, "it must have been stolen."

"Yes," said Mrs. Peckington, whose lips were now compressed, and there was something in her manner that Cora never before noticed, as she called the white-headed farm boy, and told him to run over and ask Farmer Simkins to step to the Peckington place that morning.

"And you may as well stop for George Merrilton, as you come back," said she. When he was gone she came close up to Cora Dallas.

"Cora," said she, "we two are alone together now, and I am the last one to be hard on you. Confess now, and we'll see how the matter can be cleared up."

Cora opened wide her brown eyes.

"Confess what?" she asked, innocently.

"That you took the money; there was no one else that could have done it. You were here all alone yesterday evening, and I know it was a strong temptation to a gal that never had five dollars of her own in the world. Cora, you're young, child, and I don't believe you're altogether bad, but Satan sifts us all as wheat, and—"

"Stop!" cried Cora, growing white and breathless; "you suspect me—you think I am a thief! Mrs. Peckington, may God forgive you; forgive you for your very cruel suspicion!"

Mrs. Peckington was silent. She knew not how she could help the impression which so strongly bore upon her mind. Who but Cora Dallas could have taken the missing gold?

"George, George!" gasped the poor girl, flitting up to him as for safety, as the door opened and the stalwart form of George Merrilton appeared; "she believes that I stole the money; you do not think so, do you?"

George Merrilton's eyes sparkled nervously.

"Cousin Clarissa, I would stake my life on Cora's innocence."

Mrs. Peckington shook her head.

"It looks very ugly for her," she said, "but of course if she can prove it—"

"It needs no proof in my eyes," said George, quietly, as he drew Cora's arm within his. "There, little one, don't tremble so, and look so wonderfully frightened—no one shall dare harm you as long as I am by your side."

"But where's Mr. Simkins?" asked the widow, missing her strongest ally in this hour of need.

"If you please ma'am," said the white-headed farm boy, "he had gone away suddenly to Allenville at four o'clock this morning to see his father, as he had a stroke, and they don't expect him back not until the last of next week.

Mrs. Peckington stood undecided.

"At all events," she said, turning to Cora Dallas, "you can't expect shelter under my roof no longer. I didn't look for such treatment from you."

"Cousin Clarissa," said Merrilton bravely, "I love Cora Dollas, and I stand here to espouse her cause. You may sue her if you like."

"I shan't do that," said the widow, "least wise not until Jehorum Simkins comes home to advise me what's best."

"But," went on George Merrilton, "I shall make her my wife this very day, in order that I can offer her a home in place of the one in which you so cruelly deprived her."

The widow, albeit naturally a kind-hearted woman, fired up at this.

"Of course I've nothing to say," she said, "if you choose to marry a thief--"

But she stopped here—the upblazing fire in Merrilton's eyes admonished her to go no further.

It was lonely enough those cold winter days, sitting at her fireside, the money gone, the merry sound of George Merrilton's voice silent, and Cora's bright presence vanished.

"If I should be wrong in 'sposing she took it," she said to herself, "I should be dreadful sorry to think of all the ugly names I called her—but I don't see as there can possibly be any doubt to it. Any way, Jehorum will advise me, when he comes."

And on the dusky edge of Saturday night Farmer Simpins came.

"I never was so glad to see anybody in all my born days," said Mrs. Peckington, impulsively jumping up from her seat—and she told him the story of the vanished bag of gold, before he had a chance to deposit his portly bulk upon the chair she hospitably drew forward.

Mr. Simpkins turned doll red—then a tallow white—got up and sat down again, and finally dragged a leather bag from the recess of his butternut-colored coat-tail.

"I never'll play off a practical joke again, blamed if I do," he ejaculated; "for I declare to gracious, I hadn't any idea of the mischief I was a doin'. Here's your money, Clarisy—I heard you tell the folks where it was as I was a scrapin' the snow off my feet under the window, that night, and I reached it down just for a joke, when you was gone to see about the supper. I meant to have brought it back the next morning, and have a good laugh with you about the burglars, but you see how I was fixed—father got poorly, and I couldn't think of nothin' but him—but you won't lay it up again me, Clarissy, now will you?"

"But Cora Dallas?" gasped the astonished widow. "I've told everybody she took it."

"Then you and I must go round and explain matters to everybody, that's all," said the farmer.

And Mrs. Peckington began to cry.

"Poor Cora," she sobbed, "poor motherless child! I could bite out my tongue when I think what wicked things I have spoken with it. But I'll go right over there and beg her pardon, and George's too."

Cora Merrilton forgave Mrs. Peckington much more sweetly and readily than her husband could bring himself to do—and she even came over to help the widow make wedding cake for her own matrimonial benefit.

"For, of course, I knew it would all be set right sooner or later," said Cora, cheerfully, "and we'll let by-gones be by-gones."

And the widow solaced her conscience by presenting Mrs. Cora with just half the contents of the mischievous leather bag for a wedding present.

Cost of Living in Boston.

Items taken from the husband's diary for the week:

Monday—Bought 3 lbs. mutton shoulder, 12c.	36
1 peck of potatoes	30
7 lbs. flour, 7c.	49
Tuesday—Cold mutton	
Wednesday—Hashed mutton	
Thursday—Soup from the bones	
Friday—1 lb. mutton loin	10
Saturday and Sunday—1 lb. beef steak, round	20
Salt and pepper, 2c.; tea, 2 ozs., 5c.; sugar, 1 lb. 4c.; milk, 21c.; lights, 10c.	42
Coal, 280 lbs., at $12	$1.48
House rent	3.00
	$6.35
Total expenses for subsistence and shelter for one year	$330.20

Note by wife.—Our fuel is burned in two stoves, our coal hods are filled every morning and must last through each day. To regulate the consumption, we have two sticks of unequal lengths; these are used to measure the emptiness of the coal hods. When noon comes the first stick must just reach the level of the coal in each hod. The second stick is to adjust the amount to be burned from noon until four o'clock in the afternoon. The quantity remaining in each hod after that must last until we retire.

On Thursday by inadvertence the drafts in the stoves were kept open too long, and evening found us without coal in the hods, and as our family is regulated by a perfect system, it was not allowable to take more coal from the bin (all defalcations result from Thursday taking a part of Friday's coal), consequently the baby caught cold. By Friday a bad case of croup was developed, and on Saturday morning our little darling passed on. As the head of the family was returning homeward on Friday evening he not ticed a piece of paper suitable for kindling in the gutter, and stooping to pick it up he slipped and irremediably tore his pantaloons. So that our

1. Expenses for the week as shown before are	$6 35
2. Expenses for new pantaloons	8 00
3. Funeral expenses and expenses of last sickness of infant	30 00
	$44 35

or at the rate for one year of $2,306 20.

My husband claims the second item to be the result of an accident, and the third item he considers as one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence which mortals may not investigate.

For my part, and confidentially, Mr. Editor, I do wish you would publish some plan of life which would give us a little more variety for our bill of fare; and also, if you can consistently do so, advise the fathers of families not to adhere too strictly to a preconceived system of living, and thus save for many a fond mother the presence of little ones, who are darling treasures, even if they know naught about the harmonies of a perfect code of domestic economy.—*Boston Journal.*

Young Spriggs sailed into his employer's office one morning, followed by a small dog he had brought down town with him. "What's that, Mr. Spriggs?" growled Dobster, Sr., "a dog?" "Yes, sir," said Spriggs, "he's a cross between a Scotch terrier and a black and tan." "Well," rejoined Dobster, Sr., "he's a cross that I can't bear," and thereupon kicks him out of the door.

"The Little Joker."

The card thrower is, says an exchange, describing three-card monte as played in the railroad trains, as a matter of course, the central figure of a monte party, and to become such it is absolutely necessary for him to be a consummate actor. Facial expression and the disguise and control of his voice are the only tools that a crack monte man carries with him, his make up and the three pieces of pasteboard that do so much mischief excepted.

Each section of the country has its pet card thrower. Canada Bill in the West, Bill Brown, of Texas, in the South, and Low Hawk, of New York, in the East, being the brightest stars in this questionable profession; but all concede the palm of superiority to old Bill, who is a decided genius in his line.

Dressed in a suit of jeans, with an old greasy coat thrown over his knee and a coon skin sewed on the front of a disreputable looking black hat, Canada looks the very picture of a poverty stricken tiller of the soil. Whistling Bill is another cognomen by which he is known, from the manner in which he half drawls and half whistles the dry yarns that catch the unwary. He and his party work west and north from Kansas City, which accounts for the many dispatches received from that section detailing the successful operations of monte men. A special telegram was published only a few days ago, telling the story of a Vermonter who was going West to place a tombstone on his wife's grave, but who dropped his pile before reaching his destination. Monte men in the West swear by this individual, and the remark that they all take the most pride in prefacing a story with is, "When old Bill and I worked the trains," etc.

A reporter was fortunate enough to see old Bill at work. Coming south from Omaha on the Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs road, the train was boarded about fifty miles north of St. Joe by Canada's party, and as they were recognized by the reporter, he followed them into the smoking car to see the fun. The car contained about half a dozen passengers, the train boy, a brakeman, four monte men and the reporter. Occupying two seats was a verdant looking individual who appeared well to do, and opposite the rustic Canada seated himself. The new party took a seat directly across from them, while the third approached the reporter and whispered: "This is a monte party. You're fly. Cheese it." Since that time many dictionaries have been searched, but no clue has been obtained to the strange phrases.

Bill was already at work, and a further remark was made to the scribbler equally mysterious, to the effect that he was "getting his graft in." The leader was by this time giving an account of life in Western Texas that convulsed not only those within earshot, but also himself with laughter, acting out pantomime, and rehearsing in full the manner in which he talked of hogs, cattle and vegetables would lead outsiders to suppose that he had never dealt in anything else all his life. Finally the cards were forthcoming from an inside pocket of the jeans coat, the greasy habit already spoken of was flattened across his knees, the throwing began, and his tongue wagged with constantly increasing celerity.

The "cappers" began betting, and as they kept constantly winning, the stranger, who sat opposite Bill, evinced his uneasiness, and as the desire to get there strongly predominated, he produced his leather wallet, wormed around with a long string, and selecting therefrom a five dollar note placed it on the right card

Emboldened at his success, a twenty dollar greenback was put down, and this time he lost, following it up with one hundred and fifty-five more, all he had. He was not through yet, however, and detached a heavy gold chain from his vest, and placed it and an old fashioned silver watch up as collateral for a one hundred dollar note, which was also lost, and the man made on him that he had been swindled. The mob left the train at the next station, Bill passing the train boy a bill as he went out.

A Touching Incident.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, speaking of the closing scenes in the administration of Governor Noyes, of Ohio, and of the inauguration of Governor Allen, says:

Hundreds of guests had called, and scores were calling, to say their goodbys to Governor Noyes. Among those who entered the chamber, however, was an old man, thin, wrinkled, pale, and gray-haired, and much bent by age and manifest suffering. He timidly asked to see the Governor, who stepped aside to a window with him. The old man said he would have called before, but had been sick. He came at that late hour to make an appeal for the pardon of an erring son who had been confined in the Penitentiary for seven years, and who had three more to serve.

"What is the name of your son?" asked the Governor. The old man gave it. Governor Noyes then, without making him any definite reply, requested him to step into his private room and wait till he was at leisure. The fact was, the pardon had been granted early that morning, and the old man's daughter had already gone to carry the pardon to her brother and accompany him from the Penitentiary to the Governor's office. In a few minutes the liberated man arrived with his sister, neither expecting to find the other there, and the father not dreaming that the pardon had already been granted. One can readily imagine the scene as the Governor conducted the two to his private room. The son flew to his father and embraced him, and then, flinging his arms around the Governor's neck, covered his face with kisses. The old man, overcome by the great happiness of the moment, sank into his chair, sobbing like a child.

There were no dry eyes in that room, and those who, a few minutes later, were talking and chatting with the retiring Governor in the reception room, little imagined in what a touchingly pathetic scene he had been a participant. The liberated man has a wife, and child eight years old, a sister, and aged parents. It will be a pleasant reflection during his lifetime to General Noyes that it was one of the last acts of his executive power to fill one household with the sunshine of happiness, and restore the beloved one long separated from them, who had fearfully condoled for his crime.

Robert Bonner's New York Ledger.

The *New York Times* recently contained the following just and appreciative editorial notice:

The *New York Ledger* recently entered upon a new volume, and the proprietor, Mr. Robert Bonner, took occasion to say a few words to his hundreds of thousands of readers. He tells them that the liberality which has been shown in the past in the management of his paper will be continued throughout the new year; that all the old favorite writers will continue to contribute to its pages; that he will be constantly on the watch for "any new developments of *real* rising genius;" and that he is determined to keep up the *Ledger* as "the best family paper in the world."

That these pledges will be kept, Mr. Bonner's well-known enterprise and high character afford a sufficient guarantee. He may fairly claim the credit of having established a popular journal which is absolutely free from any moral reproach or stain. In too many of the trumpery journals which have been set up in the vain hope of competing with the *Ledger*, the lessons taught to the young are of the most injurious character. Parents are depicted as unnatural tyrants from whom it is a duty and virtue to escape. A boy flies from his home, meets with a stranger of boundless wealth and liberality, is adopted by him as a son and heir, and achieves exploits which rival all the feats of all the heroes known to history. Many a boy has found out to his sorrow how little these wild and mischievous stories represent the actual conditions of the battle of life. Many a teaching is even more pernicious—vice and profligacy are openly inculcated. Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* has always been free from this abominable poison. Hence it has been, and is, freely admitted into thousands of families all over the country as a companion and a friend. No profane word, no vicious stories, are ever allowed to appear in its columns. Among its contributors are some of the most highly-esteemed clergymen of the land, and many of the ablest writers in general literature. It has two columns every week of replies to correspondents. Which are full of practical good sense and sound advice. In the number before us questions on a great variety of subjects are asked, from knotty law points to delicate subjects connected with engagement and marriage, and all these questions are answered carefully and with great good humor and worldly wisdom. In the single number also there are eight different stories, either continued or complete in themselves; articles by the Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Hall; many admirable comments on topics of the day, and a great variety of useful and miscellaneous reading. A better publication it would be hard to find; and while bearing our testimony to the fact that it well deserves the wonderful success it has achieved in the past, may be sure our wishes for its redoubled success in the future.

When your pocket gets empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends into it, and it will not bulge out worth a farthing.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Mr. Boutwell, of Mass., introduced a bill to provide for the survey and disposal of timber lands. It requires such lands in the mining districts to be surveyed in tracts of 160 acres each and allows any person engaged in the business of mining to make entry of the stumpage upon any one such tract and remove all the timber except one tree to the acre within three years, paying therefor at the rate of $2.50 per acre. The Secretary of the Interior is also required to make surveys of the timber lands suitable for agricultural purposes, and any homestead or preemption settler may enter not exceeding forty acres of said timber lands at the rate of $2.50 per acre.

The Chair laid before the Senate resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature, instructing the delegation to Congress from that State to vote for the passage of the law reducing the pay of all civil and military employees of the Government to a scale commensurate with the duties performed by them. Referred to the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment.

Mr. Sargent presented a memorial from California for the prevention of the evils arising from Chinese emigration.

Mr. Kelly, of Oregon, presented a petition of citizens of that State in regard to charges against his colleague, Mr. Mitchell, and asking that the same be investigated by the Senate. Refused.

Mr. Wright, of Iowa, presented a joint resolution of the Iowa Legislature recommending the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing that any increase in the compensation of members of Congress shall apply to future Congresses, and not to the one making the law. Referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

Mr. Gordon, of Ga., introduced a bill directing the Secretary of the Interior to place on the pension roll the names of all persons heretofore dropped therefrom because of participation in the recent rebellion.

A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Gordon, of Georgia, granting aid to the Atlantic and Great Western Ship Canal. This is a project for uniting the navigable waters of the Tennessee river with the tide waters of the Atlantic.

On motion of Mr. Wright, of Iowa, the Senate took up the bill to provide for the appointment of a commission on the subject of the wholesale liquor traffic. Much discussion followed this. Mr. Tipton, of Neb., said the United States realized ninety millions of dollars every year from the liquor traffic, and should make inquiries into the subject.

The yeas and nays were taken on Mr. Scott's amendment to the original bill, and it was lost —yeas, 28; nays, 20. Mr. Howe's amendment was also rejected—by yeas, 16; nays, 30.

HOUSE.

The House in committee of the whole on the Fortification bill took the following action: The items of $20,000 each for Forts Foote and Washington on the Potomac were stricken out, and the items for Forts Moultrie, Sumter, and Pulaski were retained. The appropriations for Fort McHenry, Md., and Fort Jefferson, Fla. were refused. The committee then rose and reported the bill to the House, and it was passed.

A bill for ascertaining the losses sustained by citizens of southern Oregon and northern California by reason of the Indian depredations in 1872 and 1873 provoked quite an excited discussion. Mr. Shanks (Rep., Ind.) defended the memory of Capt. Jack and his Modocs, and said it was a fact that when Gen. Canby was holding his conference with Capt. Jack the military lines were being closed around the Modocs. Mr. Nesmith (Dem., Oregon) and Mr. Cantrell (Dem., Ga.) defended the frontiersmen and the denunciators of the Indians. The bill itself was opposed by Mr. G. F. Hoar, (of Mass.,) as establishing the dangerous precedent that the Government is responsible for the reimbursement of citizens damnified by war. The same ground was taken by Mr. Garfield, (of Ohio,) who argued that these losses resulted either from private murderers or from public enemies, and that in neither event could citizens look to the Government for restitution. If this bill were passed it would open the sluices of the Treasury to claims from Ohio and Indiana arising out of the Morgan raids, and from Pennsylvania arising out of Lee's invasion, and there would not be a cent left in the Treasury. The principle of the bill was defended by Mr Averill, of Minn., who had reported it from the Committee on Claims. Mr. Lowe, (of Kansas,) and others. At length, on motion of Mr. Garfield, the enacting clause was stricken out—yeas, 96; nays, 85—the House refusing to go into Committee of the Whole by a vote of 79 to 68. Then the committee rose and reported that action to the House, and it was concurred in—yeas, 105; nays, 85. So the bill was defeated.

Bills introduced:

By Mr. Whittherne, of Tenn., to abolish the navy yards at Kittery, Me.; Charlestown, Mass.; New London, Conn., and Washington, D. C.; to abolish pension agents, and provide for paying pensions by Postmasters and Collectors of Internal Revenue, thus effecting an annual saving of a half million of dollars; to increase the taxation on whisky.

Mr. Kelly, of Pa., said that a conspiracy of New York lawyers had been formed to procure a refunding of duties, they to have one-half of all the sums recovered, and that an enrolled bill in the State Department had been tampered with by the change of a comma in order to establish that conspiracy of lawyers to secure a reversal of the decision, and this had cost the Government $2,000,000.

A resolution for the reassembling of the two Houses of Congress in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on Sept. 5, the 100th anniversary of the meeting of the First American Congress, was referred to the Centennial Committee.

A bill relating to the refunding of Customs duties in certain cases was reported and passed.

The House took up the contested election case from the Third District of Arkansas, the majority report being that W. W. Wiltshire was entitled to the seat, and that of the minority being to recommit the matter with instructions to the Committee on Elections to report a new case upon its merits. Mr. Wiltshire was given the seat.

On motion of Mr. Cox, of New York, the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds was instructed to investigate the alleged violation of the Eight-Hour law in the work on the New York Post-Office, with power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Frye, of Me., from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill providing that any person who shall be convicted of the crime of manslaughter in any United States Court in any State or Territory, or in the District of Columbia, shall be imprisoned not exceeding twenty years, and fined not exceeding $1,000. He stated that under the existing law the maximum imprisonment for manslaughter is three years. A proviso was inserted that the act shall not affect any prosecution now pending, or the prosecution of any offense already committed. Passed.

Mr. Frye reported the bill making the punishment for extortion by officers or persons acting under the authority of the United States a fine not exceeding $600 and imprisonment not exceeding three years. Passed.

A bill providing that no person shall be prosecuted, tried, or punished in any United States court for any offense not capital, or for any fine or forfeiture under any penal statute unless indicted, or information shall be found or instituted within five years, except in the case of persons fleeing from justice. Passed.

A bill providing that when an occupant of public land having color of title, has made valuable improvements thereon and his title is found afterward not to be good, he shall be entitled to all the rights and remedies as provided in such cases in their respective States or Territories. Passed.

The bill reported by the Post-Office Committee in regard to the distribution of public documents came up as the special order. It provides for the distribution of public documents printed by authority of Congress, and of seeds furnished by the Agricultural Department; for the free exchange of newspapers between publishers, and for the free transmission of weekly newspapers by mail within the county where published.

Mr. Poland, of Vt., reported a bill to provide for the appointment of a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic, the commission to consist of five persons, who are to serve without pay for two years, but are to be allowed all necessary incidental expenses, and a Secretary at $2,000 a year. Referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Butler, of Mass., made an adverse report on the memorial for an acknowledgment of Almighty God and the Christian religion in the Constitution of the United States. Laid on the table.

The Sad Fate of an Author.

Foley Hall, the author of "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," was a gentleman of wealth and great intellectual endowment. Admired and petted, he led a wild, reckless life, in which his wealth melted away, until he had not the wherewithal to buy his daily bread. The woman he had loved discarded him. In the deepest distress he composed this charming song. A London publisher gave him one hundred dollars for it—a mere pittance for such a spendthrift. He wrote other successful songs, but in a moment of weakness, depressed with poverty, he forged the name of his publisher, and, notwithstanding most strenuous efforts in his behalf were made by his friends, in which the publisher joined, Foley Hall was thrown into Newgate prison, where he died broken-hearted, before his trial came on.

THE ASTORS.—Out of five children which composed the family of John Jacob Astor, only one—William B.—remains, and he is now upwards of eighty. He is also one of the oldest native-born residents in the city, and has seen wonderful changes. He can remember the first steamboat, and has seen the city increase from a population of thirty thousand to that of a million. He has also seen his father's estate expand from $200,000 to $50,000,000, and has beheld all the associates of his youth pass away, as well as his parents and their children.

Milton had a most vixenish wife. It might have added to his comfort to have been deaf instead of blind. To flatter his wife, Buckingham once called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied the poet, "and it may be, for"—he added with a sigh—"I feel the thorns daily.

The National Grange.

Their Platform as Adopted by the National Grange at the St. Louis Convention.

Profoundly impressed with the truth that the National Grange of the United States should definitely proclaim to the world its general objects, we hereby unanimously make this declaration of purposes of the Patrons of Husbandry:

1. United by the strong and faithful tie of Agriculture, we mutually resolve to labor for the good of our order, our country, and mankind.

2. We heartily indorse the motto, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." We shall endeavor to advance our cause by laboring to accomplish the following objects:

To develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves. To enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes, and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits. To foster mutual understanding and co-operation. To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other in labor. To hasten the good time coming. To reduce our expenses, both individual and corporate. To buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining. To diversify our crops, and crop no more than we can cultivate. To condense the weight of our exports, selling from in the bushel, and more on hoof and in fleece. To systematize our work, and calculate intelligently on probabilities. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy.

We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and in general acting together for our mutual protection and advancement in all matters of interest to us. We shall avoid litigation as much as possible by arbitration in the Grange. We shall constantly strive to secure entire harmony, good will and fraternal feeling among ourselves, and to make our order perpetual. We shall earnestly endeavor to suppress personal, local, sectional, and national prejudices, all unhealthy rivalry, all selfish ambition. Faithful adherence to these principles will insure our mental, moral, social, and material advancement.

3. For our business interests we desire to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers, into the most direct and friendly relations possible. Hence we must dispense with a surplus of middlemen; not that we are unfriendly to them, but we do not follow this. Mr. Tipton, of Neb., said the United States realized ninety millions of dollars every year from the liquor traffic, and should make inquiries into the subject.

The yeas and nays were taken on Mr. Scott's amendment to the original bill, and it was lost —yeas, 28; nays, 20. Mr. Howe's amendment was also rejected—by yeas, 16; nays, 30.

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